

M. Brunetiere's Impressions of America. From the Revue des Deux Mondes.

2791



ESTABLISHED BY EDWARD L. YOUMANS.

APPLETONS' POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

EDITED BY WILLIAM J. YOUMANS.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1898.

IT is the aim of APPLETON'S POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY to meet the growing demand for a more general diffusion of natural knowledge. This demand is seen in the increased disposition of statesmen, financiers, historians, educators, and social reformers to turn to science for light on all great questions of human interest. The endeavor will be to keep abreast of the latest investigations in the several fields of science, to present their results, and to point out their bearings on knowledge as a whole and their value in commerce and the arts. As in former years, the MONTHLY for 1898 will continue to widen the range of its discussions with the advance of scientific inquiry. Observation and discovery in the domain of physical science will receive due consideration. Full attention will also be given to chronicling the progress that is being made in the biological sciences, particularly in those higher departments which concern themselves with the phenomena of industrial and social life.

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THE BIRD AND THE BEACON.

Poor bird that battlest with the storm
To gain the beacon-light,
Then fall'st a wounded woeful form
Into the gulfs of night!
A thousand lips that light may bless:
To thee 'tis the last bitterness.

A light was given to the earth,
Wearing a woman's name;
A thousand tongues have told her worth
And deathless is her fame.
But I was the spent bird, that there
Salvation sought, and found despair.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

OLD LOVERS.

Heart of my heart, when the day was
young,
Hope sang to life with a silver tongue;
Hope beckoned Love down a flowery way,
Where 'twas always morning and always
May,
And two true lovers need never part—
Do you remember, heart of my heart?

Heart of my heart, when the noon was
high,
Work showed the way we must travel by;
Duty spoke cold and stern in our ears,
Bidding us bear all the toil and tears,
Partings and losses, sorrow and smart—
Have you forgotten, heart of my heart?

Heart of my heart, in the setting sun,
We sit at peace, with our day's work done;
In the cool of the evening we two look
back
On the winding pathway, the noon's rough
track,
And the morn's green pleasance, where
roses twine,
Heart of my heart—with your hand in
mine.

Heart of my heart, when the night is here,
Love will sing songs of life in our ear;
We shall sleep awhile 'neath the daisied
grass,
Till we put on the glory and rise and pass
To walk where eternal splendors shine,
Heart of my heart—with your hand in
mine.

Argosy.

E. NESBIT.

THE NOON SPELL.

Windless the World; no softest whisper-
ing
Doth thrill the poppies' sleep. But from
the corn,
Over the rose and elder hedge upborne,
Lone leaps the lark, his passion's chant to
fling
Into the blue. On Nature's lyre, one
string—
One only string—is 'neath the noon-spell
found.
Vibrant with song. And when along the
ground
The sunset breezes steal, clearer the lark
will sing.

Peaceful my heart; its last uncertainty
Quivered to calm. For, with yon
mounting bird,
Soars, soars alone, one thought grown
strong and free—
One, from stilled depths, where thou-
sands faintly stirred—
This: "Love, your face holds all Life's
joy for me!"
And through each thought till Death it
will be heard.
Speaker.

E. H.

A VIEW.

Here is the hill-top. Look! Not moor or
fen,
Not wood or pasture, circles round the
steep:
But houses upon houses, thousand-deep,
The merchant's palace and the pauper's
den.
We are alone,—beyond all mortal ken:
Only the birds are with us and the sheep.
We are alone: and yet one giant's leap
Would land us in the flood of hurrying
men.
If e'er I step from out that turbid stream
To spend an hour in thought, I pass it
here:
For good it is across our idlest dream
To see the light of manhood shining clear:
And solitude is sweetest, as I deem,
When half-a-million hearts are beating
near.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY.

From the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.
IN EASTERN AMERICA.

NEW YORK—BALTIMORE—BRYN MAWR.

I.

New York, March 22d. To the somewhat impatient reporter who asked me this morning, before our trunks were out of the Custom-House, how I found America, I replied that I would tell him when I had found it; and for the last two or three hours, I have been conscientiously seeking America upon the streets of New York. It must be there, and I shall eventually discover it, but, the fact is, I have not yet done so. These houses are certainly not unlike many others which I have seen—where? In the new quarters of Antwerp, or, possibly, Cologne. These streets are no livelier than the Parisian streets, and they are lively in no different way. These faces are no more feverish, nor even any more anxious, than our own; and in the rare atmosphere and brilliant sunshine there is nothing to remind me that I have changed my skies.

Moreover, I am so constituted as to my eyes and my mind, that wherever I have been, I have found men more alike than it suited their vanity to admit. It is an unfortunate disposition, doubtless, for an "observer," but who knows that it will not enable one to see more in the end? How many travelers there are whose tales have impressed me with mere amazement at their own ingenuity! They were always discovering differences—which were no differences at all to me. Have we not all, or almost all of us, within ourselves—Europeans and Americans, Anglo-Saxons and Latins, yellow men and white—samples of all the vices? Granted, of course, that we have also our share of all the virtues, and let us say with the poet:—

*Humani generis mores tibi nōsse volanti
Sufficit una domus . . .*

I am promenading the sidewalk of Fifth Avenue, as I make these reflections—wherein I fear there may enter a grain of spite, because I have so lit-

tle of the travelling spirit—and I suddenly perceive that it is a very long avenue, very long indeed. I notice, too, that all the other streets cross it at right angles, and that, though the crowd that fills them may be motley and the "cable-cars" which thread them innumerable, the general effect is, none the less, rather monotonous. A few tall buildings, at intervals, afford a certain relief: excessively tall buildings of twelve or fifteen stories, cubical, with flat roofs and countless windows; built of a kind of stone whose crude whiteness lightens the general effect, where everything else is of brick. I proceed to make a careful note of the fact that in New York there are buildings fourteen stories high, and truth compels me to add that they are no uglier than if they had only five. Where have I seen others, not quite so tall, and even less beautiful, but in the same style—if it is a style!—or at least on the same lines, recalling not so much the art of Bramante or Palladio, as the science of Eiffel the great engineer? The most amazing and inexplicable thing of all is, that these enormous buildings do not appear to have any underground foundations, but look as though they were merely set up on the surface of the ground.

I turn off to the right and there is an abrupt change in the look of things: the ties of an elevated railway, supported by enormous cast-iron pillars, have cut off my sunlight, and the trains which pass from minute to minute make a deafening rumble over my head. Now I come to second-rate shops of unattractive appearance, to bars, and oyster-houses; while the sidewalks are lined with dime shows and bootblacks. Pedlars, who have an Italian look about them, and who evidently recognize me, for they address me in French, offer me bananas, oranges, apples, and something which I take to be "Turkish delight;" also strips of marshmallow. The odors are no longer those of Paris, but of Marseilles or Genoa, and, all at once, I remember that I am in a seaboard town. Town, did I say? I should have said island; and I find it

natural that the manners and customs here should fluctuate, as it were (to use the expression of one of the men of old who never saw America) and that the buildings should have as yet no "firm foundations." A great seaport almost always looks as though it dated from yesterday; its "sights" are soon despatched, and how many times have I not wondered that the oldest of all our French cities, the one which existed before there was a France, before Gaul even had a name—I mean of course Marseilles—should also be one of the most modern, one of those where you find least visible history, and breathe the least of the atmosphere of the past.

But let us not tire of making comparisons; for it is the true way to understand, and in any case it is the only one I know whereby I can assure myself of the freshness of my own impressions. There are seventy or eighty thousand Italians in Marseilles, and there used to be a large number of Greeks and Levantines. Here, in New York, there are four or five hundred thousand Germans—and how many Irish?—not to speak of the thousands of Italians, Frenchmen, and Greeks—which last are emigrating now, by hundreds, preceded, to their steamers, by a band, and followed by huzzahs and good wishes—nor of the Chinese, the Japanese and the negroes. Must I confess that of these last I do not think I have caught a single glimpse, even in my hotel? But the fact that there are negroes is enough for me, and I am not surprised that all these elements together produce a mixture, an amalgam from which it is hard to pick out anything "very American." The business streets—Twenty-third, Fourteenth, Broadway—are filled with a nameless and characterless crowd, neither very noisy nor very busy. There are many loungers on the benches in the squares. A big cosmopolitan city, a very big city, an enormous city, where I seem to see again the familiar features of Paris and Marseilles, of Genoa, of Antwerp and Amsterdam; a city where certain very slight differences, suspected rather than felt, supposed rather than demon-

strated, and undefinable for the moment, are effaced and submerged in a multiplicity of resemblances or analogies—such are my first impressions of New York; and I also feel that it is an amusing city, for I have been walking almost four hours without either my curiosity or my pace flagging.

March 23d. I have no time to-day for verifying my impressions of yesterday, and, at bottom, I am glad of it, for in my rôle of conscientious traveller, I ought to be acquiring fresh ones, capable of being immediately turned into "literature." Now the best impressions, the most just, those which alone perhaps are true, are those which enter insidiously by the senses, without our realizing the fact, and which we find again later, much later, in the depths of our inner consciousness when we try, as in a dream, to re-live the old days again.

Meanwhile, I am to start, almost immediately, for Baltimore, where I deliver my first lecture the day after to-morrow. So I take my way to the Pennsylvania railway-station and we cross a branch of the Hudson in one of those ferry-boats which really bear a striking resemblance to gigantic turtles. We land: we set off once more, this time in a Pullman car, and I see my first negro. Why should the circumstance afford me so keen a delight?

If it be true that of all the signs by which we recognize a great city, there is none more infallible than the miserable aspect of its environs, the new world and the old have no occasion for mutual jealousy in this respect; and I should say that never in my life have I seen anything rawer, more squalid, more pitiable, than the suburbs of New York, if I did not remember those of Paris, and especially those of Marseilles and Genoa. Without doubt, this is the price we pay for our mechanical and scientific civilization. "How many fools does it take to make a public?" asked Chamfort insolently. On my part, I ask myself, "How many suffering men and women does it take, in the nineteenth century, to make a great city like London, Paris or New York?"

The inner courts are like wells or entrances to mines, and the sickly trees lean forth, following the direction of the sun. On cords stretched from house to house, rags of all colors float in the morning breeze; haggard beings appear at the windows. If you get a glimpse of an interior, the evidences of misery there make you blush for humanity. How, and on what, do all these people live? At what cost, and why? With what hope or expectation? I may be wrong, I will try not to generalize hastily; but the poverty here seems to me exactly as deep and irremediable as in the old countries of Europe, and it is not the Americans who will solve "the social question."

We are now in the open country, and so far the distinctive feature of this trans-Atlantic landscape seems to be the advertisements. There is nothing else to be seen, in the fields, on the fences, on the roofs of the houses. Cycles, oats, pills, delicious teas, soaps, tooth-powders, mineral waters without end, aperients and tonics. On every side the eye is assailed by vast, variegated, showy advertisements in letters three feet high, hygienic advertisements, and, if the reader will excuse me, digestive advertisements. Are all the Americans afflicted with stomach-ache, and can it be that the most optimistic of peoples, or what passes for such, is also the most dyspeptic?

Our average speed is about forty-five miles an hour—the average speed of the express from Paris to Nice or Calais—and I naturally have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the American railways are not faster than ours. The Pennsylvania R. R. has, in fact, the reputation of being one of the best lines in the United States. The food is distinctly bad, and however inferior the cooking in our *wagons-restaurants*, I prefer it to that of the Pullman car. On the other hand, the accommodation is better than with us. It is pleasant to travel in these large armchairs, and to realize that, if one chooses to take a nap by the way, one does not disturb his fellow-travellers. But smoking is forbidden—as it is in

those other cars on the Elevated railway in New York—and this reminds me that I have never known a country where it was more difficult for a smoker to indulge his weakness.

Shall I also complain that the conductor of the train, to say nothing of the special officer of the Pullman car, so often wakes you up to look at your ticket? "No supervision in America," I had been told; the traveller is treated like a man, not a trunk; there is no watch kept on you either when you take or leave a train; you get on and off or change your seat, without anybody's interfering. For my part, if I am to speak frankly, I did not care for so much liberty; I like well enough to be treated like a piece of baggage when I travel. Luckily my informants exaggerated. In the Pullman cars as in our *wagons*, you can move about, it is true, when there is no one else in your compartment; but the seats are numbered—which is indeed a better plan, than putting them at the disposal of the first comer—and a good enough way of avoiding disputes and elbowing. Another act of despotism which seems to me "paternal" is that no more tickets are sold than there are seats in the car. Nor can you get on as you please; the conductor and the negro are there to examine your ticket, and they look at it again as soon as the train starts. Then comes the turn of the regular conductor, whom you see reappear, four or five minutes before each stop, and who, unless your physiognomy becomes imprinted on his brain, will always ask to see your ticket. Perhaps he wants to spare you the annoyance of being carried past your station! Shall I mention that he is as obliging as he is exact? Once more I arrive at the conclusion that "all the world is made like our family," and I wonder if it would not be more sensible to take my stand on this fact rather than to wear myself out in the search for differences which I do not find.

But at the very moment when I am forming this resolution, an indolent one and slightly premature, perhaps, con-

sidering that it is just twenty-six hours since I landed in America, we cross a river with flat shores, muddy waters, a slow and melancholy current, and since it is my misfortune to be steeped in literature of all descriptions, memories of Châteaubriand, of Fenimore Cooper—and even of Gustave Aymard!—arise in my mind. It may be the Delaware—but I do not need to know. It affords me an inexpressible pleasure to see, at last, something which I have not seen before. Truly, nothing could be less like the Rhône or the Rhine, our Loire or our Garonne. The sluggishness of the Loire is that of an old river, a very old river, a civilized river, a river tired with seeing so much history reflected in its waters. The deep Rhine with its greenish current and precipitous banks, seems, as it flows, to murmur romantic legends. But these great rivers of America have an air of youth, or, more properly speaking, of primeval times, and the sensation they produce is that of something belonging to a vague, remote, and singularly vacant past. Great forests line these rivers, as far as the eye can see; the solitude about us appears constantly to expand, and the whole scale of things insensibly to change. Another river, two rivers which are really arms of the sea, some buildings, more advertisements, a city in the distance, and we arrive at Baltimore.

The president, we should call him *recteur*, of Johns Hopkins University, Mr. D. C. Gilman, with whom I have been corresponding for six months past, has kindly taken the trouble of coming to meet me at the station. We get into a carriage and drive the entire length of an exceedingly handsome street, very broad and well-built, to the hotel where rooms have been engaged for me. To-morrow I shall make some duty visits, and the next day, in the great hall of the university, I shall deliver what will be, so far as I know, the first lecture on French Literature ever given, in French, to the students of an American university.

Baltimore, March 24th. "Ask any well-instructed little schoolboy or girl,"

says an American writer, "what is the distinguishing feature of Baltimore, and he will answer: 'Baltimore is called the City of Monuments.'" But neither have words the same signification in French as in English—since I have already had time to learn from the newspapers here that the qualities most admired in a public speaker are cynicism and emphasis—nor have terms in America the same value, or as our logicians would say, the same *comprehension* as in France. The City of Monuments, as Baltimore has been denominated for more than a century, means merely that this was the first city to erect a monument to Christopher Columbus; a commemorative obelisk, a very tiny little obelisk, which was long thought to have been set up by the proprietor of the ground on which it stood, to the memory of a favorite horse! Other monuments have doubtless contributed since then to make Baltimore more worthy of her name; the monument commemorating the battle of North Point (September, 1814), and, in the centre of the fashionable quarter, a stone column some hundred and fifty feet high, surmounted by a statue of George Washington. It was close to this that I descended, only to ascend again forthwith to the sixth or seventh floor of a very fine hotel, quite new, having nothing American about it, any more than any other hotel, unless it be that it is particularly well kept. I notice that here, too, in a city whose colored population cannot be less than seventy or eighty thousand, the hotel service is performed entirely by whites. Strange fatality! All previous travelers have stayed at extraordinary hotels. They were flooded with electric light and deluged with ice-water. They could not turn their hands without setting in motion all sorts of complicated machinery, nor take a step without bringing into the field a legion of negroes. My negroes are all in the kitchen, and none of these thrilling experiences have, as yet, fallen to my lot. Other hotels, it is true, in the lower part of the town, have a more "American" look; with their halls, their bars,

their stalls of papers, books, and tobacco, their barbers, and dressing-rooms, and that perpetual coming and going which makes your stay in them, in some sort, a mode of motion.

The city itself, however, with the exception of five or six big streets, looks neither very animated nor even very busy. I shall have to go presently and consult my guide-book (my Bädcker; there is no French guide to the United States) to make sure that the place contains more than half a million inhabitants. Can it be that, misled by travellers' tales, I have made a mistake about the activity of the American people? What sort of a dilettante or epicurean existence can those persons have led in Europe, who find life so fast and feverish in Baltimore, or even in New York? Or—and this is perhaps the more probable hypothesis—are there two, three, four Americas, only one of which travellers are willing to recognize? I shall see neither Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, nor New Orleans; but here, in eastern America, I have no sensation of being in a foreign country, and the reason is very simple. The customs of European civilization are day by day becoming the basis of those of this people, and, on the other hand, if America makes any improvement upon these customs, as she is doing continually, we make haste in Europe to adopt it from her.

For example, there is a terrible monotony about these interminable streets, always crossing at right angles. Variety of perspective, the picturesque, the unexpected, are entirely wanting. But for the last fifty years, has not this rectilinear ideal become our own in the name of science and hygiene? It is mostly in engravings that old streets are poetic! In point of fact, it is almost impossible to see, in such streets, and quite impossible to breathe; and their odor is foul. Here, too, much more than in New York, where almost all the houses in the same quarter are alike, the variety of architecture imparts an element of gaiety to the sameness of the avenues; a little of every style is mingled in a confusion

which diverts and amuses the eye—even the brick appears less sombre here; the red brighter and younger. Luxuriant creepers and the whiteness of marble steps, soften the crudity. Stone alternates with brick. Here is a group of houses "colonial" or creole in aspect, such as were to be found, I have been told, in Gaudeloupe and Martinique forty years ago. One, in particular, which is always pointed out to Frenchmen, is the family mansion of the Pattersons, where Jerome Bonaparte, "that young prodigal," as his great brother used to call him, first asked Elizabeth Patterson to dance.

It is a pity that these streets are so ill-paved, and I cannot refrain from saying as much to the amiable Mr. Gilman, but he assents so politely that I am at once ashamed of my remark. I also refrain from making any allusion to certain structures whose miserable appearance is completely out of keeping with the air of ease and comfort which pervades the upper town. This contrast meets one everywhere, and it is not new to me. The impression is exactly that conveyed by an American novelist, Mr. George Cable, well known to our readers, when he said of Baltimore that its aspect was entirely southern, and, when requested to explain a little more fully he dwelt on this same air of ease, and the pleasantly nonchalant face of those who walked the streets of Baltimore; a city of leisure, a "residential city," where even the negroes, and still more the pickaninnies, look happy!

But I must think of my first lecture.

Baltimore, March 25th. I am very greatly and very pleasantly surprised to find myself in the presence of six or seven hundred listeners. In the first row is Cardinal Gibbons, and by his side, M. Patenôte, our ambassador. The rear of the hall is adorned by a trophy of French and American flags. Mr. Gilman makes a speech, and while listening, with ears less intelligent, alas! than attentive, I run my eyes over the audience. The students of Johns Hopkins, more courteous than ours, have not excluded women from

these lectures. They probably do not believe, in Baltimore, that the words of a professor or lecturer are the "personal property" of the students, nor that they must of necessity be empty or superficial provided they are intelligible to women. Nor do they believe, and I am very glad to see it, that instruction given in a Protestant University should be viewed with suspicion and carefully avoided by Catholic students.

My lecture is finished. I kept a strict watch over my phraseology, and took care to express myself in those "general terms" which are pretty much the same in French as in English. There is a "vocabulary of criticism" to which I added the smallest possible number of gallicisms all borrowed from familiar conversation. I had fancied I ought to speak more slowly than usual. But my audience noticed this, and I perceived that I could dispense with the precaution. They understood everything I said and would have done so had I spoken even more rapidly. It only remains for me to maintain the interest which my first lecture seems to have aroused, and I am only disturbed by the reflection that my second is and must be the least interesting of all. What can I say to-morrow of the *Roman de la Rose* and all that poetry of chivalry which is rendered so wearisome even to ourselves, by insignificance of sentiment, abuse of allegory, and inadequacy of expression?

Baltimore, March 31st. Never did traveller or tourist, I fancy, have less time than I, and, above all, less leisure for "observing." I open my eyes and my ears: I open them all the wider, because, by certain of those trifling signs, whereby self-conceit or vanity is rarely deluded, I am made to feel that I am everywhere received and welcomed with more cordiality, more simplicity, more openness, or, at all events, less reserved than is usually shown a passing guest. No one is on the defensive; above all, no one "poses" before me. But while I try to respond to this welcome, and all the while that I am talk-

ing, and tasting, oysters and "terrapin" (a species of turtle) and the wild ducks of the Chesapeake, which are renowned all over the United States, and justly, as I can testify, my thoughts are hovering about to-morrow's lecture, if not to-day's; and I am asking myself whether it might not have been made more interesting. Fragments of verse go floating through my memory, and I search the little I know of English literature, for comparisons or contrasts which may serve to illuminate my subject. And since it is already difficult enough to do three things at the same time, namely—dine, keep up a conversation on French customs, and make my choice, for to-morrow, between the *Rêve du Jaquar* and the *Sommeil du Condor* I naturally fear lest my impressions of America should get crowded out entirely. Happily in all that concerns the organization of their universities, which I have undertaken to study on my own account, I find the American professors always ready, and unfailingly kind in their willingness to supplement or correct, wherever my observations have been superficial or incorrect.

Relying on the information derived from their conversation and their publications I now wish to say a few words on a subject whose interest is, in my opinion, not pedagogical merely, but social as well.

II.

Note first: by way of assisting the Americans themselves, as well as the Germans to comprehend the situation, that our institutions for advanced education in France are not all of the same type. We have two or three—no more, but still, two or three—consecrated to the worship of pure science: such are the *Collège de France*, and the *Muséum d'histoire naturelle*. For these, there are no entrance examinations, they confer no degrees or diplomas, and they lead to nothing—I mean, to nothing but learning. Our universities are somewhat more utilitarian. They confer degrees, and these degrees, whether of Bachelor, Licenciate or

Doctor (B.A., M.A., and Ph. D.)—of which the last alone has sometimes, though not always! a certain scientific value—are chiefly prized as assuring to a man a certain position in the state. They constitute at the same time—and this is the great mistake—a certificate of past study and of the graduate's fitness for a future career. Our universities turn out lawyers, doctors, professors. If they happen also to be scholars and sages, it is all the better; but as now organized, they are not adapted, whatever they themselves think, nor were they designed for, the purpose of training sage or scholar. Moreover great schools, like the *Ecole polytechnique* and the *Ecole normale supérieure*, are really only professional schools of a superior class, of which the first, the principal, the essential object is to recruit certain important branches of the public service; so that, were one rashly to modify their curriculum, as is periodically threatened, the quality of these recruits would be endangered and the service of a whole class of departments impaired. It is curious and interesting to note in passing that, of all these institutions, the most disinterested are the oldest, those which date from the *ancien régime*. The government of the Restoration added to these the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*, and M. Victor Duruy, some thirty years since, founded the *Ecole pratique des hautes études*. The *Ecoles d'Athènes et de Rome*, where young professors and students of ancient archives are left free to perfect themselves in the studies necessitated by their future occupation, are mere "*Ecoles d'application*" (schools of applied learning) like the *Ecole des ponts et chaussées* and the *Ecole du génie maritime*.

In the same way there are different types of American universities. There are the State Universities (the University of Virginia for example, or that of Michigan at Ann Arbor) which are independent, unquestionably, in the sense that they govern themselves autocritically, but the independence of which is to a certain extent limited by the appropriations which they receive

from the states of Michigan or Virginia. The two chief obligations which they incur, are that of admitting to the benefit of a university education, without any entrance examination or students' fees, all graduates of the high schools of Michigan or Virginia, and that of providing, alongside of their "liberal" education, for technical instruction. Thus it happens that the University of Wisconsin, with an income of something over \$400,000, of which \$280,000 are supplied by the state, devotes \$78,000 to its Agricultural College, \$38,000 to its School of Engineers, \$14,000 to its Law School, and \$7,500 to its Pharmaceutical Institute.

Other universities, the older ones, for the most part (as Harvard, 1655, Yale, 1701, Columbia, 1754, Princeton, 1757, or the University of Pennsylvania) are, on the other hand, free from any obligation of this kind. They began by being simple colleges, like those we used to have, at Paris, or in the provinces (*Collège des Grassins*, *Collège d'Harcourt*, *Collège des Godrans* at Dijon, where Bossuet and the great Condé began their education) and if I make these comparisons it is because here, as formerly with us, a sectarian bias, if I may use the expression, was the main element in the foundation of these great establishments. Episcopallians, Presbyterians, Baptists or Quakers as such, undertook the first expense; and some traces of this origin are still to be discerned. But, in time, new needs, the increase of the student class, the progress of science, enriched them with new departments. Institutes of Technology have been added to them in our own day; the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, for example. The character of instruction has also changed, and the little college has become a great university like Harvard, which counts no less than eighty-five full professors, thirty assistant-professors, twenty-seven instructors, and has a fortune of more than \$12,000,000, which is constantly on the increase.

But the other and newer universities are perhaps most interesting of all—Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Leland Stan-

ford, and the University of Chicago. They owe their existence to the generosity of some founder, whose name they usually bear; and, subject to the supervision of a board of trustees, constituted by the terms of the will or deed of gift aforesaid, they control their own income, arrange their own curriculum, and appoint their own professors. Why should I hesitate to own that, in dwelling upon these three points I have in mind our own universities, which are anything you please, but which will never, to my thinking, be worthy of their name, so long as their professors are chosen, nominated, appointed by the government; above all, so long as the examinations they require are government examinations; that is to say, so long as their programme is arranged by the state, and the diplomas given are, in some sort, government certificates.

Johns Hopkins University, which is the only one I have really seen, is but twenty-one years old, but it attained its majority a good while ago. When the venerable Johns Hopkins died in 1873 (he was a Quaker and a railway king) and bequeathed to Baltimore \$7,000,000 to found a hospital and a university, his executors indulged in no long discussions about the manner in which the university ought to be organized. They brought from far California where he was then employed as college president, a former professor of politics and physical geography at Yale—Mr. Daniel C. Gilman, who had long enjoyed a high reputation in America as an administrator and organizer, and they put themselves entirely in his hands.

With the clearness of view and rapidity of decision which characterize him, and make him an eminent man even in America where those qualities are not less common than in Europe, but rather, perhaps, more so, Mr. D. C. Gilman realized that the occasion was a unique one. He perceived that, in a city like Baltimore, if only they could have the good sense to waste nothing on the vain pomp of buildings, and the vain dream of imitating Yale or Har-

vard—at a distance!—they might create a type of university such as America had not yet had; and he resolutely set about his task. They had not the means to organize schools of medicine, law or theology, and they dispensed with them; and at the outset Johns Hopkins University consisted merely of a Philosophical Faculty. This is the name under which in the United States are grouped together what we divide into "letters" and "sciences." On the one hand, Ancient Languages, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Greek and Latin; Modern Languages, comprising English, German, French, Italian, Spanish; History, Political Economy, and Philosophy; and on the other, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Geology, Natural History, Biology and Pathology—such was the programme of the infant university. Laboratories and seminars were its organs. The diffusion of methods speedily became its principal object. And there was no delay in obtaining "results," for, during the twenty-one years of its existence, Johns Hopkins has given not less than a hundred professors to the other universities of America. It has become a sort of sublimated Normal School which provides the instructors required for the higher education. And it is a proof, if one were needed, that diplomas, titles and degrees, under the régime of freedom, are worth exactly as much as the committees which confer them, and the reputation which these have acquired. The seal of the state of Maryland, or the official patronage of the government at Washington, would add nothing to the prestige of Johns Hopkins University, and were it not unfair to Mr. D. C. Gilman, I should say that "its glory is all its own."

It is, in truth, what Mr. D. C. Gilman wished it to be; and it is not enough to say that he is the president of this great body, he is in truth its soul. It were impossible—how shall I say it?—not to conceal, and still less to dissimulate, but to clothe in a more engaging affability of manner, a firmness of rarer quality, nor to put readier resources at the service of clearer and more assured

convictions, and broader views. I should like to be able to quote in full the opening address which he delivered four years ago in Chicago before the Congress of Higher Education. "The first function of a university," he said, on that occasion, "*is the conservation of knowledge;*" and it would be impossible to state more briefly the fact that the one indispensable condition of scientific progress is respect for tradition. "The second function of a university," Mr. Gilman went on, "*is to enlarge the bounds of human knowledge;*" and it is this generous ambition which has, from the first, distinguished the Johns Hopkins University from all other American universities. "And the third function," he added, "*is to disseminate knowledge.*" The truth is, indeed, that it is not for ourselves, but that we may hand them on to others that we have inherited the treasures of tradition and the fruit of experience, and this is what they are attempting to do here. By publications, by lectures, by articles in reviews and magazines, by letters to the daily press Mr. D. C. Gilman has endeavored to keep this university always in touch with public opinion, and he appears to have met with complete success. Our ideas of knowledge in France are at once more mystical and more practical; more practical, in that many of our young men only see in it a matter for examinations or a chance for diplomas, more mystical when we pretend to fear lest in diffusing, we vulgarize it.

One detail of the organization at Johns Hopkins made an especial impression on me; all the more that I believe the idea to have been taken from our *Ecole pratique des hautes études*. It is that there are not here as in our universities (let us give them the name because it flatters them!) four or five professors of, say Latin or English literature, equal in title, equal in rights, and hardly accountable even to their dean; but a single one, the responsible head of his department, who apportions the common task, among his associates, assistants, instructors, and readers, whose number varies according to the

needs of the department and the resources of the university. I cannot imagine a better, simpler or more efficacious method of imparting to any branch of study the unity or direction which alone can render it fruitful. While with us, at the Sorbonne, for instance, one professor teaches French Poetry, another French Eloquence, and a third, for some years now, Dramatic Literature—which might lead to their cutting into three parts and dividing between them the author of "*Le Cid*" or "*Tartuffe*," and which leads of necessity to a division of energy—here no effort is wasted because there is no repetition of work nor "clashing" and still less division. The president of the university chooses his fellow-workers, with the assistance of his Faculty; he indicates to these in general terms the proposed character of the department which is given into their charge, and it then becomes their affair and they take the sole responsibility of its organization. All the new American universities have adopted this system, the older ones are beginning to follow it, and since it was borrowed, in the first instance, not from Germany but ourselves, why should we not resume possession?¹

The principal objection would seem to be that it is a method better adapted to the teaching of Philology than to that of Literature. It is easy to see that one man, while making a specialty of Provençal or Portuguese, might be no less strong in the other branches of Romanic Philology. There are doubtless men in America, and even in France, who have an equally thorough acquaintance with all the three great Romanic literatures—call them four, Provençal, French, Italian and Span-

¹ It is worthy of notice that at the *Collège de France* and the *Ecole Normale Supérieure* the same mistake has not been committed and at either of these places a professor who wished to take up French Literature in the 17th century as a whole, would not be withheld by the consideration that Pascal belonged to one of his colleagues and Racine to another. At the Sorbonne he would have left for himself Chapelain and Scarron, the author of "*La Pucelle*" and that of "*Virgile travesté*."

ish. However, the danger was foreseen, at Johns Hopkins, and the head of the department of Romance Languages, Mr. A. Marshall Elliott, laid down the principle that there should be three main divisions in his department, "a purely linguistic, a purely literary, and a composite group which is intended to unite the first two." If, so far, there has been a leaning to the side of Philology, the literary side has not been entirely neglected. My own presence here is a good proof of that. And, apropos I remember, a little tardily, perhaps, that I have not yet stated under what conditions I entered upon this campaign. I must, however, state them clearly, were it only to enlighten those of our journalists who have represented me as rushing from city to city at the bidding of a "manager," like an actress on tour, which really does me too great honor; and in the second place to make clear the nature of the endowments, which complete the organization of a university in America.

It was to perpetuate the memory of a son whom they had lost in his boyhood, that Mr. and Mrs. L. Turnbull offered to Johns Hopkins University a considerable sum of which the income was to be devoted to an annual series of lectures. These lectures were always to be on Poetry. Subject to their approval (for they are still alive, and have four living children, a fact well worth mention with regard to these generous donors) the Administrative Council, or rather its president, decides each year upon a lecturer. The latter is, however, entirely free in the choice of a subject. Thus in 1892 Mr. R. C. Jebb, Greek Professor at the University of Cambridge, England, delivered eight lectures on Greek Classic Poetry; and Mr. C. E. Norton, a Harvard Professor six in 1894 on Dante. Had I chosen to deliver six or eight on Victor Hugo, instead of nine on French Poetry in general, nobody would have objected. And next year, or some year, some professor from a German university will deliver, if it seems good to him, six or eight in German on Goethe, or German Romanticism. The one con-

dition, very "American" and yet very simple, is not to uphold materialism, and not to dissociate art and morality. The reader may well believe that both as a pronounced adversary of the doctrine of "art for art," and as a theoretic and ideal, but personal and convinced enemy of Baudelaire and Verlaine, I found no difficulty in accepting this limitation.

Shall we not draw a lesson or, at least, an inference from this? For some years now we have been trying to induce individuals to found similar lectureships in our universities, and people seem to think that it is going to be done for the mere love of glory! This shows at once an exaggerated idea of French variety, and an imperfect knowledge of human nature. A founder must have some motive for founding, and have I not already permitted myself to say that the University of Chicago would never have existed, but for the desire to establish a centre of Baptist propaganda? Princeton is, before all things, a Presbyterian university, and the intention is obvious which must have presided at the foundation of the Catholic university at Washington. But, with us, such an enterprise would meet with insurmountable difficulties. It would be opposed in the name of that "liberty of conscience" which consists, as we all know, in stifling the voice of those who do not think as we do. And I recall in this connection how much bother there was last year about authorizing the French Academy to receive a legacy, destined by the testator as a prize for an ethical essay of which the conclusions, it was expressly stipulated, should be spiritualistic, and, if my memory serves me, catholic. The *Conseil d'Etat* was near crossing itself with horror!

We should also recognize that though variety may extort its *pourboire*, the real sacrifices we make are either to our ideas or to our interests. Offer, then, as they do in this country, or merely allow to the donors and testators whom you invite to share the glory of supporting your universities, the hope that the

Ideas which they cherished, will be defended for their sakes when they are no more, and I have no doubt that you would see donors and testators multiply as fast as they do in America. Who would object to seeing founded at the Sorbonne a lectureship in Apologetics which would be justified by diffusing a better acquaintance with Pascal, Bossuet, Fénelon, Bourdaloue, and even Voltaire himself? Who would find it any more absurd than a chair of French Revolutionary History?

I shall be neither so imprudent nor so impertinent as to attempt to gauge the exact value of the instruction given in the American universities. I can see the danger that state universities may become mere technical schools like our *Institut Agronomique* or even our *Ecole d'Arts et Métiers*. They were apparently not founded, nor do the several states support them, that the disinterested cult of knowledge may be maintained in them, as in a sanctuary, but for the development of useful citizens.

I suspect also that, in spite of their two, three, or four thousand students those universities which were formerly mere colleges still preserve a vestige of their origin. In America the average level of secondary education is distinctly lower than in France—as it is in several other countries. I remember noticing even in Switzerland, and in the French cantons, that many subjects are reserved for the university, which with us are taught in preparatory schools; such as Higher Mathematics, Rhetoric, Philosophy. So, also, if I am to believe the registers which I have at hand, the two first years of study at Yale, or at Harvard even, would appear to correspond to our classes in "*rhétorique supérieure*" and "*philosophie*."

Properly speaking, therefore, only the universities of recent foundation in America are true, and ample institutions of higher education. Admission to these is quite difficult, and here, at Johns Hopkins, the candidate is obliged to pass an examination of which the subjects are: Mathematics (Arithmetic, Algebra, Solid and Analytical Geom-

etry and Trigonometry), Latin, Greek, French, German and English; Greek, Roman, English and United States History, the elements of Physical Geography, Botany and Chemistry. One may also substitute in the examination Greek for Mathematics or vice versa. I can say no more, and, I repeat, it would be an impertinence on my part to attempt to estimate the solidity of the information displayed by students, even in this preliminary examination. Now should I, when I find it very hard to judge even of that of our own *bacheliers*, though I have turned out, God knows how many of them, in my day.

Moreover, if I have thought it worth while to discuss at some length this question of the American universities, it is because I have known no better way of expressing my gratitude for their welcome of me, than by helping to make them better known and understood, and because from all I see, and hear, and read, I deduce another lesson. May I be permitted to employ a barbarism in order to make my meaning clear? It seems to me that, thanks to these great universities a whole large section of America is in a fair way to become "aristocratized." While in France, what with our "modern education," our "restricted degrees," and the passion for specialization which we endeavor to cultivate in our schools, we are reducing the part played by general instruction; in America they are trying by every means in their power to increase and consolidate it. While we are insensibly breaking away from tradition, the Americans who cannot be consoled for not having a history several centuries old, are trying to form precisely those traditions which we are abandoning. With their chairs in the "History of Greek Institutions" and "Old Testament Criticism," they make, as it were, an intellectual past of all that we affect to regard as useless or superannuated. And if perhaps the programmes of their universities fail to fulfil all the pledges they give, this is not only often the case with our own, but it really makes no difference, since

It is the general tendency which is to be considered.

University tendencies in America are going to found within this great democracy an aristocracy of intelligence, and, ironical though it sounds, that form of intelligence which we are so mistaken or rather so idiotic (thrice Bouvards and Pécuchets that we are!) as to hold in suspicion as peculiarly hostile to the progress of democracy.

III.

Baltimore, April 4th. Before entering upon my "great week," during which I am to perform on alternate days at Baltimore and at Bryn Mawr, which is about forty miles away, I would like to jot down a few reflections. The difficulty is, that here, as in New York, whenever I see, or fancy that I see, any peculiarity of look or gesture, which strikes me as odd or "local," I always find it mixed with an appearance of cosmopolitanism. If I attempt to hit off Professor A—, whom I at first took for an American, or at least an Englishman, I discover that he is a German; and it is not Germany I have come to see in America. I was impressed by something clear, decided, and energetic, in the countenance language, and ways of Mrs. B—, but she, it seems, is of French extraction. And why should I insist on the Americanism of Mr. C— when he passes more than half of every year in Europe, either at Paris, or in Switzerland? A gentleman asks me what I think of Baltimore. I tell him. We chat and become confidential; I put questions, and he answers them—and behold, he is a Russian! There are Italians too, and Greeks, with beards of Assyrian proportions and deafening voices; and there are Jews among whom I find, to my extreme embarrassment, one who is a genuine American, born of American parents. It has been calculated that not more than one in three—at the outside—of the seventeen or eighteen million inhabitants of Chicago was born on American soil; and by this I do not mean the soil of Chicago or Illinois, or the west even, but of

America in the largest sense. *I nunc—go to, now!*—and talk no more of race characteristics. Not to mention the fact that all of them—or almost all—have travelled, been all over the world. They know France; they know Paris, having passed months and even years there. They know Rome and Florence.

No, it is very evident that here, as in Europe, too much is attributed to "race;" or rather it is history, civilization, customs which constitute race. In our modern life, on the one side of the Atlantic, as on the other, if the economists are right in saying that there is a tendency everywhere toward the equalization of fortunes, it is yet more certainly true that there is a tendency toward the effacement of all save personal peculiarities. There is no physiological or moral difference between an Englishman or an American, and a Frenchman or a German. There is only the historic difference which comes from the inheritance of a different civilization; and—thanks to the present ease of communication and exchange, the development of industry, the internationalism of science and the solidarity of interests—even these minor variations are referable to differences of date and time. The Americans are younger than we, as instantly appears from their curiosity to know what we think about them.

They also impress me as less complicated than we are; I do not say less subtle. They are what they are, more simply, frankly, boldly, than we. One is what one is, in this country, by one's own personal choice and decision, and one realizes that it is so. Mrs. T—, naturally cold and clever, has made up her mind to be "a pretty woman," and she is so. She plays her part of professional beauty with conscientious care; and it is not at all, as might be supposed in Paris, that of attracting admiration to herself; it is that of displaying the splendor of her charms, for the joy of her compatriots and the honor of her native town. Therefore if she says to me, in excellent French, that my lectures "will take Baltimore back to the best days of the *Précieuses*,"

It is not merely because she herself takes no interest in the *Chanson de Roland* or the *Légende des Siècles*, but because polite irony suits her style of beauty. Another lady of literary proclivities—a writer herself and a poetess, and a contributor to young reviews—has made books and art the main objects of her life, and has done it quite consciously and deliberately, and nobody thinks it strange. It was her taste, and she had a perfect right to consult it.

As a natural consequence, women, like men, have their clubs where they meet to lunch, and discuss the subjects which interest them—clothes, house-keeping, cookery—and also to exchange ideas upon loftier matters, as, for example, if they chance to be of a philosophical turn: "The book of Job considered as an epitome of human misery." Miss K— is justly proud of having reminded the ladies of Baltimore of the importance of a good *cuisine*—a fact which they were, apparently, in danger of forgetting—and also of having vindicated their right to institute a thorough inspection of school buildings, the first result of which has been that classrooms are now swept more than three times a year! She is of course a "feminist," and it would not surprise me to learn that she dreams of holding political office. Miss G— is also, in her way, an advocate of woman's rights, and she has rendered that way a most effective one, by the use which she has made of her great fortune. It is through the generosity of this lady that the Johns Hopkins University has been enabled thoroughly to organize its medical department, her only stipulation being that women should be allowed to take their degrees there. She has also given largely to the great female college at Bryn Mawr—where I am to speak on the day after to-morrow; and she has founded, at Baltimore, a preparatory school for Bryn Mawr. Moreover, she has a thousand other affairs on hand—big affairs, too—and she manages them all with a lucidity of mind, a tenacity of will, and a strength of character truly admirable. It all seems

quite natural here. A woman belongs to herself, and no one thinks of requiring, as we do, that she should be the tie that binds four or five other people together. She is not compelled by prejudice either to dissimulate her aptitudes, or to disguise her tastes. She has the right to be herself, and, as we have seen, she uses it.

There is doubtless a certain connection between the freedom to be oneself, and a sort of personal independence of local and climatic conditions, as well as of those habits which become so many bonds to us in Europe; a sort of moral and physical excursiveness, as one may say. *Omnia mecum porto*, said a sage of antiquity, and the American resembles that sage. Baltimore, is, as I have said before, a "residential" city, whose inhabitants are already less easily mobilized, more anchored and attached, than those of New York. People do not camp; they really *live* here; and the foundations of their dwellings appear to be laid deeper in the soil. Yet one is quite convinced that the Baltimorean would remove—shall I say his home?—his domicile, at all events, and the routine of his life, to Chicago or St. Louis, with more ease than one of us would undertake a journey from Paris to St. Petersburg. And the reason is not a craving for change, an impatience of monotony, the nervousness and unrest which make it impossible for a man to settle, so much as the belief an American cherishes that he will always be himself, in one place as well as another. The personality of a true American is a very private thing. Not only is he at home everywhere, but he is everywhere at home with himself. The change of place which helps us to forget ourselves, only intensifies his feeling of identity. It is merely one more proof of his youthfulness and strength. He will grow old in his turn; while if I were to travel farther west, I am quite sure that every revolution of the wheels would be taking me farther from an older, and nearer to a yet newer world. Meanwhile even here, where one perceives a trace of history, it is what distinguishes the Americans from our-

selves. They are younger; and it is the sum and substance of what many observers dislike in them.

I would not abuse a metaphor, and I am on my guard against referring all my impressions to this juvenility of the American people. That would be only too easy, and, as is usual with easy methods, more obvious than true. An Irishman or a German brings to America a temperament which is the outcome of a long heredity. But the very circumstances amid which they find themselves are such as to compel a prompt adaptation to the environment; and by a somewhat brutal law of natural selection, those who are not eliminated are speedily Americanized.

This explains why they are at once very proud, and not at all vain. They are not only what they are, but they are nothing except what they are. A German priest whom I did not know stopped me in the street the other day to bewail the condition of American workmen, and to say emphatically that liberty had not solved the social question in America, any more than in Europe. I was not in the least disposed to dispute the statement, but he forgot two things: first that competition is here, so to speak, the rule of the game, the agreement which one signs when he embarks for America—I might almost say at birth; and also that there are alleviations to the bitterness of competition here, which are not found elsewhere. The distinctions between man and man in America are very definite and real, but they do not depend, or they depend less than in Europe, upon arbitrary caprice. There are many "colonial dames," but there is no old aristocracy. There are enormous fortunes, but no ruling class. There are professors, doctors, lawyers, but there are no liberal professions. A physician is a man who takes care of others when they are ill, just as an upholsterer is a man who furnishes their houses. A rich man is a rich man, who can do many things, as a rich man can everywhere, but who can do no more than his money can do. A learned man is rated exactly according to the impres-

sion of ability which he can produce. The result is that every man feels himself to be the sole architect of his own fortunes and master of his own fate, and if he sustains a reverse, he usually blames no one but himself. Yet these observations have the disadvantage of being too general; the element of truth in them fluctuates from day to day, and in a month, or a fortnight, I may be ready to disavow them. Yet though I record others which may seem to contradict them, I have a notion they will all come back to this: that America being younger—her civilization, her soil, her very climate newer—man breathes and moves more freely, lives, in short, more independently here than elsewhere. It is now a privilege of adolescence, and the future only can determine whether it will develop into a race characteristic; and how much of gain or loss will have resulted to ancient humanity from the American experiment.

From Baltimore to Bryn Mawr, April 6th. When that very amiable and energetic person—in America the two are not incompatible—Miss Carey Thomas, the principal of the Woman's College at Bryn Mawr, came to request that I would deliver a few lectures there, my first (reprehensible) impulse was to refuse, and my second not to accept. I have an invincible repugnance to delivering the same lecture twice, and I was doubtless a little anxious as to what I could find to say, on the spur of the moment, to so many tall girls. I was much pressed for time, moreover, and hampered by the lack of books. But in the course of my conversation with Miss Thomas it appeared that many of her pupils were keenly interested in biology. It struck me at once that here was an opening for an evolutionary propaganda, and I made my plans accordingly.

If there is any one highly characteristic feature in French literary history. If there is, so to speak, a *French species*, impossible to confound with any other, and if this species made its appearance at one precise moment of history, accomplished its historic evolution, and then, to continue the figure, died and

bequeathed to us masterpieces which are recognized all over the world as monuments of French genius—there would be the subject for me to treat. But of course there is such a species, and it is French tragedy. I will therefore speak at Bryn Mawr on "The Evolution of French Tragedy."

I need not say that it will be impossible, in three conferences, to exhaust or even fully to develop, the possibilities of such a subject. But they may be indicated, if I can but illustrate the law of that evolution: and I think I can, for it is, in reality, very simple. They study Greek at Bryn Mawr—there are actually two professorships—I may therefore permit myself to quote the remarks of Aristotle on Greek tragedy: "After many attempts in different directions, tragedy discovered its own true nature, and its form became fixed." I may add that Greek tragedy died of the discovery—and the history of French tragedy is almost identical. Its "true nature" was discovered in the work of Corneille, in the "Cid," and in "Polyeucte," and this is what I shall undertake to show, in my first lesson. Before Corneille, tragedy had been romantic and lyric, that is to say, the poet represented less the events of legend or history, than the emotional effect produced upon himself by those events; and when I say romantic, I mean that the events did not follow any necessary sequence. In other words: it is in the masterpieces of Corneille that tragedy is first differentiated as a species distinguished from others which more or less resemble it, while all which does not tend to the realization of its own peculiar object is excluded from its definition. It became dramatic by conforming to the great law of the stage, which is to exhibit the conflict of different wills with one another or with circumstances; it became tragic, by taking the human heart as the theatre of this conflict, and it became poetic by placing before human will in conflict the alternative of victory or death. In the "Cid," "Horace," "Polyeucte" and "Dodoque" we have striking and beautiful examples of this.

It will not be difficult to point out the same characteristics in "Andromaque," "Britannicus," and "Iphigénie." But since the type is not perfectly differentiated, even in the great works of Corneille, and since Corneille himself went astray in his latest productions, confounding the proper characteristics of tragedy with those of historic melodrama, I shall insist upon what I have often called the *naturalism* of Racine's tragedy, and shall point out the fact that herein is contained, not merely the reason of his profundity, but the secret of his power, and the certainty that his fame will be everlasting. The eternal Hermione will evermore be betrayed by the eternal Pyrrhus, whom she will not cease to love, but whom she will kill rather than let him seek the embraces of another woman. The eternal Iphigénie will be sacrificed by her father, the eternal Agamemnon, to his own fatal greed of fortune, honors, and renown. But since this is the absolute perfection of tragedy, its very triumph may be said to be a sign of its approaching decadence. It will die of the very exaggeration of its own distinctive principle, because generalization has been carried too far, until beauty itself is conceived as that "pure water, which should never have any particular flavor." The remark is Winckelmann's, made, I think, apropos of the Apollo Belvedere, and he will permit me to draw an instructive parallel between the fate of tragic poetry and that of Greek sculpture and of Italian painting.

By a singular coincidence, moreover, the disorganization of our tragedy was completed by the fact that the very element which had been excluded, in order to make it what it is, was re-admitted by force of circumstances. This will be the subject of my third lesson, and since I cannot imagine that much is known at Bryn Mawr about the elder Crébillon, nor any reason why there should be, nor why I should introduce him there, I shall confine myself to Voltaire; his "Cédipe," his "Zaïre," and his American "Alzire." Nothing can be more "noble," or more colorless, than

these dramas. They are full of declamation—

Grand Dieu, j'ai combattre soixante ans pour ta gloire

and consequently of false eloquence and sham lyrism. It is luck and chance that play the principal parts in these pieces, that is to say the arbitrary and the romantic. *It so happens* that Orosmane admires Zaïre above all other women, *unam ex multis*. *It so happens* that the father of Zaïre has been for years the captive of Orosmane. *It so happens* that his ransom arrives at the moment when Orosmane is about to wed Zaïre. *It so happens* that the liberator is the son of the captive and the brother of Zaïre, and finally *it so happens* that Orosmane mistakes the brother for a lover, and kills Zaïre. This is what is called romance: and as Cornelle himself says: "The lapse of tragedy into romance is the touch-stone which marks the difference between inevitable actions, and merely probable ones." There is not a single inevitable action in all Voltaire's tragedy; one might go so far as to say that there is not a probable one. Thus tragedy returns to its source; a kind or a species which endured but for a time; that is to say so long as the conditions of environment were favorable. And the final proof of my theory is, that tragedy does not actually die, but is merely transformed. What we have now is excessively like what we had before tragedy proper came into existence, while it was only trag-comedy; and as a just observation is always broader than the facts which it attempts to explain, this one may help us to understand not merely what there is in common between the drama of Hugo and the tragedy of Voltaire; but also what there is, in common, between the romantic drama and the trag-comedy of the time of Louis XIII.: that of Malret and Rotrou.

Bryn Mawr, April 8th. It would be impossible to imagine a college better situated than that of Bryn Mawr, in the open country, on the slope of a green hill—of several hills in fact—and com-

manding a most attractive landscape. The immense buildings give me a stronger impression of solidity than I have yet received. It is a college for advanced study; a bona fide university for women. There are courses in Latin, Greek, Sanscrit, Hebrew, Comparative Physiology, the Higher Mathematics and Biology. The number of students this year is two hundred and eighty-five—of whom not more than a hundred, I am told, expect to be teachers. That means that in this one establishment there are more than two hundred young misses who love learning for its own sake, and while I am no "feminist," I certainly have no objection. Learn your Latin, young ladies, and in spite of one Molière, learn your Greek! Do it for your own sakes, and also for the sake of the boys in Europe, who are unlearning these things as fast as they can. But I intend to enlarge upon this point when I am more at leisure.

For the moment, I have duties to discharge. I am the hero of a "reception," in the American style. This consists in having presented to one as I shall this evening, two or three hundred persons, to whose kind compliments one replies as best one can, while shaking them all energetically by the hand. I have been practising this kind of thing for a fortnight now, and it must be, I think, not merely that I acquit myself pretty well, but that I rather like it; since, on one occasion, while the procession was passing, a gentleman leaned forward and whispered in my ear: "They do this no worse than they do other things, eh?" He was right; and I thank him for having so wittily expressed my very idea. "*They do it no worse.*" The perusal of Greek and even of Hebrew texts seems not to have spoiled their eyes, which lack none of the mocking light which one likes to see sparkle in the eyes of a young girl. Their cheeks are not pale; their figures are shapely. I miss nothing of that light gaiety which was bestowed upon women, as Bernardin de Saint-Pierre observes, to dissipate the sadness of men. I must remember this next week

in Cambridge, where I am to speak of Molière.

Baltimore, April 10th. I am just about to leave Baltimore, and I must confess to feeling a little melancholy. Eighteen days is a short time; but public speaking creates so many ties—and that so quickly—between a lecturer and his audience, that I feel as if I were quitting a familiar and favorite city; and I said as much yesterday at the close of my last conference: I shall come back soon. I have promised Cardinal Gibbons to attend High Mass in the Cathedral on Easter Sunday, but it will be but a flying visit, and this is my real farewell. To-morrow I shall wake up in Boston.

FERDINAND BRUNETIERE.

Translated for THE LIVING AGE.

From Cosmopolis.

MOSCOW.

I.

The road to Moscow, if you enter Russia at the Polish frontier, lies for nearly a thousand miles through the midst of a great desert, which has at once the vast, level extent and the delicately changing color of the sea; with a sense of loneliness almost as absolute as that of the sea, to the voyager in a ship. Resembling, at moments, the Roman Campagna, these steppes have their own very personal kind of beauty, in which the monotony of their apparent endlessness is after all only that monotony which is an element of all fine style, in nature as well as in art. Looking out of the windows of the train, as it goes slowly on, day and night, you see on both sides an interminable plain of short grass, unbroken by hedges; at intervals a forest, a plantation, or a few pines or birches; here and there a little wooden hut in the midst of a pine wood, like the cabin of some Thoreau; here and there a thatched village, with sunflowers before its doors, or a small town, with blue and gold domes; and between

house and house utter loneliness, not a human being, not an animal, not a breath of smoke, visible. Everywhere the landscape makes pictures, but not in the manner of most landscapes; delicate pictures, full of rest, and still trees, and with perhaps a single human figure, faintly indicated, such as Corot painted; with something of his favorite coloring, something also of his charm of composition, for once absolutely natural in nature. Where, at times, a cornfield would rise up, brown and gold, out of the green plain, a few men and women reaping, it was with a noble gesture, reminding one of attitude as it is refined and preserved for us in pictures, that a woman, perhaps, would pause, the sickle curved for a moment above her head. Finally monotonous, sensitive, full of subdued color, with all the charm of natural refinement in what is for the most part uncultivated, unspoilt, not yet turned to useful ends by the impatient absorption of civilization, this sea of land, flowing gradually up to the vague outskirts of Moscow, prepared me, in my slow journey through it, for a not too sudden entrance upon the bewilderingments of the city.

Of Moscow itself not much was visible from the train, and I went, like all the world, to that traditional eminence, Vorobiev Gory, the Sparrow Hills, where the terrace of a restaurant marks the place from which Napoleon and his army came suddenly within sight of Moscow. Seen at sunset, across deep woods and wide green fields, through which the Moskva curved gently, as if embracing it, the city seemed to lie stretched at full length. A trail of black smoke from a factory, and a column of brownish smoke going up from a fire, darkened a space of clear sky above the glittering of innumerable white spires and turrets, which shone with a brightness far beyond that of the golden and many-colored domes which glowed between them. The twisted lines of the Kremlin stood out sharply above their battlements, the white outer wall seeming to rise out of the river; beyond,

pinnaced roofs wandered indefinitely, their colors, and the colors of many walls, repeating the exact greens of the fields which lay about them, as if a fierce sun had flashed up an actual reflection upon them. Gradually the light faded out, until the city looked like a long, dim, thin line, ridging the plain. Coming back in the dark, on the little steamer, to drift over those bright, visibly rippling waters, between the lights and deep wooded shadows of the banks, was at one moment almost like being on the Venetian lagoons, at another, like being on an Irish lake. Just before landing, as we came into the midst of the city, I saw the modern, not very interesting church of the Saviour for once effective, rising hugely into the sky, as if carved solidly out of grey cloud.

II.

✓ Charming, for all its strangeness, when seen at night, or from a distance, Moscow is without charm, in spite of its strangeness, when seen clearly and by day. Built, like Rome, on seven hills, it radiates outwards, circle beyond circle, from the central height of the Kremlin; the old, or "Chinese town," heaped within its white wall, cut off sharply from the "white town" of shops and public buildings and large houses, which dwindles into the first ring of dusty boulevards; and from this the "earthen town" stretches to the outer ring of boulevards; and then the suburbs begin, vague, interminable, and seeming, long before they have reached the ramparts which close in the thirty-six miles of the city's circumference, to have passed into the open country. Like everything in Russia, it is by its size that it first impresses you. Vast, vaguely defined, so casual in its division of time, of day and night, of the hours in the day, full of heavy leisure, unoccupied space, this city, next to the largest city in Europe, has much of the aspect of some extraordinary village, which has sprung up, and widened gradually, about a citadel. Its seven hills have done something to leave more than usual of the

open air about it, in wide, windless spaces, brooded over by the wings of innumerable pigeons. Everywhere are vast, unpaved squares, surrounded by a rope of twisted wire, stretched from post to post, or by temporary wooden railings, propped up at vague intervals. Cross the river by the bridge which lies between the Kremlin and the church of the Saviour, and you will see, between weir and weir, ducks floating on the water, a ferry-boat waiting to take people over, red figures paddling by the banks, or wading across with tucked up trousers or petticoats; clothes being beaten on a row of planks which stretch from the dusty shore to the queer little sailing boats moored in mid-stream. Everywhere you will find village scenes, the trees and water and width, the fields even, of the real country. And the life of the people, the arrangement of the houses, have the characteristics of village life; these houses, often only one story high, rarely higher than two stories, built often of wood, like log-huts, and with a wooden palisade in front of their strip of garden, or wide, dusty court, in which one hears the flutter of fowls and the gabble of white turkeys. Outside, on the irregular pavement, village carts jolt by, an unending procession, with a sound like the sound of an army marching; the cabs, laboring slowly at full speed, are like the primitive vehicles of old-fashioned folk in the country. The markets, which on so many days of the week cover with stalls, and stacked carts, and heaped baskets, the vacant squares and open spaces of boulevards, are like village markets; and the people themselves, with their red shirts and top-boots, have the air of people who till the soil.

But of the repose, the freshness, which we associate with life in villages, there is nothing. Deafening in summer, with its streets and squares paved irregularly with cobbles, and surging up and down in waves and hollows, over which the wheels go rocking and clattering all day long; silent in winter, when the sledges glide over the white

and even snow; there there is always the oppression of noise or of silence, some not quite natural suspense of nature. At Moscow everything is in extremes; the weather halves the year between the two burdens of sun and ice, and the whole aspect of the city is one of preparation for those extremes. The iron-bound pavements slope down gradually to the street, in order to assist the toiler through snow in passing from one level to another; gutters run across the pavement at every water-pipe to make natural channels for the water; the costume, even in summer, of the *likhatchi* drivers is an immense padded overcoat, falling like a petticoat to the feet, and swathing the body as if it enclosed a Falstaff; the top-boots, worn even in summer by three-fourths of the population, suggest the heavy walking of the winter. And in nothing are these extremes more emphatic than in the colors which clash against each other everywhere in the streets, colors which absorb and fatigue the eye, leaving it without a cool shadow to rest upon.

Nothing in Moscow is quite like anything one has seen anywhere else; and no two houses, all of which are so unlike the houses in any other country, are quite like one another. Their roofs are almost invariably painted green, and the water-pipes make a sort of green edging round the house-front. But the colors of the houses are endless: green, pink, blue, brown, red, chocolate, lilac, black even, rarely two of the same color side by side, and rarely two of so much as the same general shape. Every shop has its walls painted over with rude pictures of the goods to be found inside; the draper has his rows of clothed dummies, the hatter his pyramid of hats, the greengrocer his vegetables, the wine-seller his many-colored bottles. Fruit-stalls meet one everywhere, and from the flower-like bouquet of fruits under their cool awnings there is a constant, shifting glow, the yellows and reds of apples, the purple of plums, the green and yellow of melons, and the crisp, black-spotted pink of melons

sliced. And in these colored streets, which in summer flame with the dry heat of a furnace, walk a multitude of colored figures, brighter than the peasants of a comic opera; and the colors of their shirts and petticoats and handkerchiefs and bodices flame against the sunlight.

III.

Set in such a frame, itself at all points so strange in shape and color, the Kremlin and the churches, with their glittering domes, on which the symbolical Russian cross has made a footstool of the crescent, are but the last in a series of shocks with which this inexhaustible city greets one. All Moscow is distorted by eccentricity; the hand of a madman is visibly upon it. Not only the unfortunate architect, but, I doubt not, the incalculable brain of Ivan the Terrible, gave its insane discordancy to the church of Vassily Blajenny; and that church, with its vegetable nightmare, its frantic false-ness, its rapt disequilibrium, as of a dancing dervish whirled at last into fixity, is but the extreme symbol of all that attempts to be elaborate or ornate in Moscow. The Kremlin is like the evocation of an Arabian sorcerer, called up out of the mists and snows of the North; and the bells hung in these pagan, pagoda-like belfries seem to swing there in a last paradox, as if to drive away the very demons that have fixed them in mid-air. The church of Vassily Blajenny, in which few styles of architecture are not seen in some calculated or unconscious parody, is like the work of a child playing with colored squares and cubes and triangles; its originality is that of a caricature; nowhere does it approach beauty, except in the corner porches to the doors, and in a certain conventional pattern, Turkish in design, which runs round a portion of the base. False windows are set to break the order of any surface left plain; not a line is allowed to flow, but every line must be tortured, broken as if on the wheel. The domes, of copper and painted lead and three-cornered tiles,

are made to suggest the distortion of natural, growing things, pineapples, pears, lemons, artichokes; they bristle with knobs, they bulge into excrescences; twisting upwards into a knot, for the most part in coils of alternate colors. The whole structure is a series of additions, and every addition is a fresh start, carried out without relation to any other portion; with an actual care, indeed, that there may be no repetition, no balance, of window or gable or dome or platform or turret. Within, there is a like confusion of little chapels, eleven in number, their walls cut into brief lengths, set at odd angles, painted in bright gold, and covered with the pictures of saints; a narrow passage, like the secret passage in a Gothic castle, leads from chapel to chapel, running round the outer edge of the building; so narrow that you can only just walk in it, so low that the roof is almost upon your head; and these walls are painted in heavy lines and patterns of green and red, with squares and knobs roughening the surface. The chapels, you would think, were themselves low, till, looking up, you see a shaft rising to a great height, from which a large painted face, seeming to lean over from the midst of the dome, looks down at you with outspread hands.

Russian architecture, the architecture which has set up for the worship of God these monstrous shrines, which might seem to have been built for Vishnu and Krishna, has its origin, certainly, in the East; but it has preserved only the eccentricity of the East, without its symmetry, its obedience to its own laws. The art of the East is like Eastern music, obeying laws to which our eyes and our ears have no response. But it has its origin in real nature closely observed and deliberately conventionalized; while Russian architecture, which seems to proceed from an imaginary assumption to an impossible conclusion, has no standard of beauty to which its caprices of line can appeal, but presents itself rather as a wildly inhuman grotesque, without root in nature or limi-

tation in art. All the violence of the yellow, Mongolian East is in these temples, which break out into bulbs, and flower into gigantic fruits and vegetables of copper and tiles and carved stone; which are full of crawling and wriggling lines, of a kind of cruelty in form; in which the gold of the sun, the green of the earth's grass, and a blue which is to the blue of the sky what hell is to heaven, mock and deform the visible world in a kind of infernal parody. When, even, these lines run into finer shapes, and these colors melt into more delicate harmonies, they are still too full of mere curiosity, too odd, to be really beautiful. Ornament is heaped up with the profusion of the barbarian, to whom wealth means display; color must decorate color in one unending series, as sauce sharpens sauce in Russian cookery; line must envelop line until arabesque has become entanglement; height and breadth must alike extend themselves, for their own sake, and not for the emphasis which they may give, the elaboration they may permit, to a great central idea. Structure is but a series of accretions, whose aim is to be unexpected.

Yet, abandoning oneself to their fantasy, what pictures these domed and turreted walls, these zigzags of sharp color, make against the sky, glowing with heat, dashing off the rays of the sun as from many shields and helmets, coming up like strange growths from among the trees, pointing into the sky with lifted hands and outspread fingers! There are certain old Burmese-looking towers on the walls of the Kremlin where the green of the spires is made by an incrustation of small green tiles, shaped like leaves, and with slightly crinkled edges: one might fancy almost an actual coating of leaves. The crenellated outer walls of the Kremlin, with their winglike and open battlements, just room enough to fall through in the space between wing and wing, might hold all the Arabian Knights in their midst; and their many gates, which might have been built by Crusaders who had

come from among the Saracens, seem to await strange pilgrims, who have crossed the green desert in cavalcades, with their horses and mules laden with treasures. Moscow, indeed, seems to have been consciously arranged for atmospheric effects by some cunning artist in stage scenery. Against certain dull skies, seen even in summer, the gaudy blue of domes softens to a real fineness of tint; and how effectively that blue must be set off by the leaden skies of winter, thick with snow! From the Krasnaya Square at night the little dingy row of trees settles like hanging foliage upon the red wall of the Kremlin, draping its unshaded brightness with a veil of delicate green. Green roofs and walls, against the soft green sky which sometimes hangs over Moscow after sunset, harmonize daintily; and on certain late afternoons I have admired the new, lowered color of white towers, turret above turret, their angles outlined with green, which in that light looks like green moss on an old ruin, or upon actual crumbling rock.

IV.

✓ The worship of painted images, on which so much emphasis is laid by the Russian Church, has led, in the adornment of their churches, to a heightening of that natural Russian tendency to add detail to detail, without assimilation, and without spacing. The older churches are filled with paintings of saints, and Scriptural and legendary scenes, set side by side with no more than a thin gold frame between them; all on gold backgrounds, all in missal painters' colors; most in the same traditional enlargement of life-size, and with the same vague sense of reality. They have nothing of the fine, primitive angularity of Byzantine work, which they seem to imitate; they are at once cold and incorrect; without either scattering or convergence of color, utterly without design; and they fill every inch of wall, and every corner and circle of the ceiling, climbing up into the domes out of the cellar-like narrowness of small chapels. About

this childish plastering of pictures upon the walls, a multitude of gilded pillars, shrines, tombs, relics, banners, slabs, balustrades, and the glittering doors of the iconostase itself, builds up a house of gold, which weighs upon one like a burden. The priests, with their long hair and Christ-like presence, wearing heavy vestments (in which one sees the hieratic significance of the blue of domes), blue and red velvet and gold-embroidered stuff, pass through the concealing door from the presence of the people to the presence of God, the door which, at the most sacred moment, shuts them in upon that presence; and a choir of sad, deep Russian voices, the voices of young men, chants antiphonally and in chorus, weaving, in a sort of instrumental piece, in which the voices are the instruments, a heavy veil of music, which trembles like a curtain before the shrine.

And it is in another house of gold, heaped with all the colored things of the world, that the Russian has set his earthly rulers. The Palace of the Kremlin is the most sumptuous, the most spacious, of royal palaces; and its treasury is one vast, visible symbol of all that is barbaric and conquering in the power of Russia. Thrones and dominions, principalities and powers, all the nations of the earth are seen bringing tribute, and their tribute is heaped there like the spoils of a victorious army. Here are crowns, globes, sceptres, constellated with jewels, which flash fire from one to another as the light outlines their fantastic and elaborate patterns: the crown of Siberia, the crown of Kazan, the crown of Astrakhan. Here is the carved ivory throne of the last emperor of Constantinople; the throne of Boris Godounov, the gift of a Shah of Persia, in which every inch of framework is covered with slabs of solid gold, and the gold is thickly inlaid with turquoises and garnets, pearls and rubies; the throne of Ivan the Terrible, the gift of another Shah of Persia, incrustated with nine thousand precious stones, bordered with turquoises, framed on front and sides with worked silver, on which ele-

phants walk and hares run, in the midst of silver meadows and forests, wrought so delicately that they seem to be embroidered. It is the East which one sees heaped here, in this orgy of jewels and gold, heaped like toys of which children do not know the value. It is the East in tribute, becoming the master of those who have come near enough to take its treasures; and one sees Russia taking them barbarously, greedy of colored baubles, insatiable, gorging itself with pomp and brilliance, which the wiser Persians had known how to subordinate, composing them into harmonies of their own.

And, in the very heart of this royal palace, after you have passed through its vast azure and gold spaces, in which the pomp of to-day can be so effective, you find also that cruelty, insanity, distortion, which flaunt themselves in the church of Vassily Blajenny. In the Terem, the seventeenth century belvedere, with its five stories built one out of another, the roofs are low, the ceilings vaulted and squared into odd angles; walls and ceilings are painted in red, blue, green, and gold, and a network of broad lines, twisted into all kinds of arabesques, coils about doors and walls and corners, and swarms across the ceilings; not an inch of surface is left plain, color seems to be embroidered upon color, all is ornament, and bright ornament, like the web of an Eastern carpet; the barred windows are of painted glass, and the sunlight sets their colors moving on the floor, like living patterns. A little low room opens out of little low room, the red out of the blue, and the green out of the red; here, under an obscure ceiling of painted saints, the patriarchs have assembled; here, generations of emperors have slept. To be in one of these hot and many-colored rooms is like being shut into the heart of a great tulip. Only fantastic and barbarous thoughts could reign here; life lived here could but be unreal, as if all the cobwebs of one's brain had externalized themselves, arching overhead and draping the four walls with a tissue of

such stuff as dreams are made of. And it could easily seem as if unhuman faces grinned from among the iron trellis of doors, as if ropes and chains twisted themselves about doorways and cellings, as if the floor crawled with strange scales, and the windows broke into living flames, and every wall burned inwards. The brain, driven in upon itself from such sombre bewilderments imprisoning it, could but find itself at home in some kind of tyrannical folly, perhaps in actual madness.

v.

To live in Moscow is to undergo the most interesting, the most absorbing fatigue, without escape from the ceaseless energy of color, the ceaseless appeal of novelty. Mere existence there is a constant strain on the attention, in which shock after shock bewilders the eyes, hurrying the mind from point to point of restless wonder, of unsatisfying admiration. To the dweller in Western cities, where an old, slow civilization has had time to cover many stones with moss, bringing leisure into men's minds, and the quiet of ancient things about their houses, Moscow has all the barbarism of a civilization which is but two centuries old. It is a barbarism, certainly, that has seized many of the delightful things which other nations have left for its fresh instinct to lay a new value upon. The Russians have all the luxuries of civilized barbarians; their cookery and their baths are the most elaborate in the world. The saying that Russia is rotten before it is ripe has but little significance at Moscow, though its meaning may perhaps be divined at St. Petersburg, where we find a great, uninteresting, modern city, hastening to compete on their own terms with capitals that have grown slowly, and losing, certainly, all that gives its character to Moscow. More significant, though not meaning precisely what it is generally taken to mean, is that other saying: "Scratch the Russian, and you find the Tartar." It is in no savage or violent sense that the Russian is still a

civilized barbarian, but in a sense certainly more profound.

Walking in the streets of Moscow, your first impression is of something extraordinarily primitive. The carts which pass you are like the earliest carts of which you have seen pictures; by the side of quite modern trams run omnibuses, shaped like the coaches in the museum at St. Petersburg; the yokes of the horses are made of an immense hoop of painted wood, unvarying in shape, varying only in color. A man passes silently with a wire-covered basket on his head, in which he offers live fowls for sale; a workman passes, carrying a wooden spade, and you will notice that his legs are swathed in rags, his feet covered with sandals of osier. Look through the window of a shop, a bank, and you will see that the reckoning is being done with Chinese counters. The very animals, the dogs and cats, are different from ours. The dogs, certainly, are nearer to their wild cousin the wolf, and gambol with a sort of fierce awkwardness; while the vast cats walk and lie like tigers. And the peasants or laborers whom you see in the streets, in their red and purple and mauve shirts, with their shaggy beards and tawny hair, cut neither short nor long, in a straight line all round, parted in the middle, and standing out wildly on either side; these large-limbed people, with their boyish, frank, good-humored, but untamed faces, have the faces of beings for whom civilization does not exist. The Russian peasant is still the Scythian, his ancestor. In the Kertch room of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, in that admirable collection of Greek remains dating from the fourth and fifth centuries before Christ, there is a beautiful silver vase, with griffins, geese, reeds, and conventional arabesque on its sides; near it are gold ornaments, thin plaques of gold, worn on dresses, and a smaller gilt vase. On these you see the Scythians, riding on horseback, sword in hand; standing back to back with drawn bow, embracing over a drinking-horn, pulling out a tooth and bandaging the foot of a com-

panion; with, on the Nicopolis vase, a whole series of the episodes of horse-taming. These Scythian faces are precisely the faces that you will see in the Russian peasant of to-day, grave, serious, kindly, with a sort of homely dignity; and, precisely as in the Russian peasant of to-day, you will see, in these lively representations of his ancestor, two thousand years ago, the long shirt, girt at the waist and falling half-way to the knees, loose trousers, often tucked into a kind of top-boots; the thick beard, the long hair combed over the forehead.

To see the Muscovite, that is to say, the typical Russian, as he really is, observe him on Sunday, and observe him from morning to evening. Sunday in Moscow is a sort of village feast. The shops are shut, but the street markets (beside which the Good Friday fair at the Rialto would seem but pale) are ablaze with buyers and sellers, all in their best clothes; the women looking like big babies in their high-waisted dresses, bright in color, shapeless in form. All the morning the bells sound overhead, in their loud, muffled buzz, as of a cloud of bronze insects hovering over the city; and the churches are full of devout worshippers, who kiss the sacred ikons, cross themselves in the elaborate manner of the Russian ritual, kneel, and bow till their foreheads touch the ground. As the day goes on an irresponsible animation seems to be in the air; the traktirs are full of tea-drinkers, and by evening vodka has taken the place of tea. The great mechanical organs in the traktirs roll out their set of tunes, voices are heard, joining in the music; and outside the streets are full of gay noise, a song, a quarrel, the slipping of heavy boots over the uncertain pavement; a sort of drunkenness without brutality, a drunkenness which is in the natural course of things, at the natural end of the feast.

The Russian has two devotions: his religion, which is at once an abasement before God and the czar, those two omnipotences being more or less identical to him; and his eating and drink-

ing, to which the actual rigors of his climate lend so much importance, and about which he has elaborated a sort of ritual. Between these two devotions very much of his time is taken up. He cannot walk for five minutes along any frequented street without coming upon a church, an ikon, some holy image, a street chapel, an archway under which a sacred lamp burns; and before each of these he must take off his hat, pause, cross himself three times, and make at least two genuflections. His eating and drinking make scarcely less demands upon him. Meals have no definitely fixed hours; tea (the too seductive *tschai s limon*, tea with lemon) is always waiting. And it is with the solemnity of an act of religion that he is served by the sacristan-like doorkeeper in black and the hieratic waiters in white; silent, attentive ministrants, who incline before him as they hand him his soup or his wine, or collect the coppers which he has left for them on the plate.

Religion, in the unspoiled Russian, the Russian of Moscow or the villages, is not merely an attendance upon strict forms, but a profound sentiment, which in him is the sentiment of duty. It is the simplicity, the completeness, with which he obeys the idea of duty, that has caused officialism and Nihilism, with all the cruelties and disasters and ignorant heroisms which are properly the disease of his over-scrupulous conscience. You see it in his grave, patient, sensitive face, in which the soul seems always to look out on some pathetic inquiry. In the faces of railway porters and of barefooted peasants who have thronged the railway stations in remote quarters of Russia, I have seen the making of martyrs and fanatics. And they have the gentleness of those who suffer, whom nature has made for suffering; with a strength which for the most part is without brutality. Endurance and indifference, apathy and resignation, are perhaps the natural qualities called out in the Russian by his struggle with the elements; heat is his enemy in summer, cold his enemy in winter. Stirred up by outside influences, he sometimes fancies that

his rulers are also his enemies; and then he can but devote himself blindly to the species of new religion which has possessed itself of his capacity for worship.

VI.

The summer of 1897, they told me in Moscow, was the hottest summer known there for thirty-seven years. I have never suffered so much from heat in any country of Europe; and Russia, certainly, in spite of the tempestuous skies, rain, and icy winds of St. Petersburg, will remain in my mind as a synonym for much that I have imagined of the tropics. And Moscow is almost without shadow, open to all the oppressions of the sky. Its parks, the Sokolniki, for instance, miles on miles of woods, through which long, dusty roads pierce like highroads, are without restful corners, are themselves an oppression; you do not see people enjoying the mere fact of being there, as people in Warsaw are seen visibly enjoying the grace and repose of their Watteau-like Saxe Garden, Polish women, with their pale faces and soft hair, their languid activity, coming and going with so constant an appeal to one's sense of delightful things. Here and there, indeed, one finds a corner of the city in which, for a moment, things fall into the attitudes of a picture; and one such space of subdued color I remember in the Krasny Proud, a great pool near the Iaroslav Station. It was dim grey when I saw it, under morning sunlight, and at the further edge it was bordered with curdling green, which showed at that distance as a line of delicate, clear green; and the people passing on the bank, their red shirts, the tints of bright wagons, of wooden houses, were reflected in the water. In this harmony, which composed itself naturally, the carts and timber and houses and people all seeming to exist only to be an effect in pale watery colors, I found almost every element of the typical Russian landscape, as I had seen it on my way to Moscow.

But Moscow's most elaborate escape from itself is, to me at least, in the fortified convents, surrounded with high

walls, with embrasures and loop-holes for cannon, warlike towers at every corner, in which the monks and nuns used to hold their own against robbers and Tatars: you still see the cannon, lying rusty under the porches. The oldest of these convents is the Novospasky, far off in the east end of Moscow, near the river and the timber yards; built originally in the fifteenth century, it holds a bell-tower and five churches within its walls, among the trees and garden paths; and some of its mural paintings are the most tolerable I have seen in Moscow. But it was the smaller, more central Strastnoi Convent which gave me the most delightful sensation, as I found my way into it by chance, one burning afternoon, as the bell was calling from the pink church in the midst of the garden, inside the high pink walls, which enclose that little world. The garden, full of trees and paths, was bordered by white, one-storied houses, out of which nuns and novices came stealing, in their black habits with hanging sleeves, the veil tightened around the chin, under the tall, black, almost Saracen head-dress. Lay sisters were working in the garden-beds, carts passed slowly along the narrow paths between the trees, birds sang, grey cats moved quietly about, and as I sat there, among these placid people, leaning back against a tree, with a shadow of sunny leaves above my head, Moscow, its noise and heat, seemed shut off as by a veil of quiet, the deep buzz of the bell overhead being but like the sound which is nearest to silence in a summer forest; and the world seemed once more a place of possible rest, in which it was not needful to hurry through the sunshine.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

From the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.
WITH ALL HER HEART.¹

BY RENE BAZIN.

Translated for the Living Age.

CHAPTER XII.

When Henriette put up her hair the next morning she was struck by her

own beauty, and something seemed to say to her, as she looked out, alone, into the sunshine:—

"The lilacs are in bloom, dear heart! Can you not smell their perfume? But no, lilac-time is past, and there is no other odor like theirs. Then it must be the laburnums, whose golden clusters hang like bells in the tall towers of leafage! Not these either, for the laburnum is a wayward flower, and awakens troubled thoughts. What then? The Spanish broom, perhaps? Not so, for the meadow-grasses are all mown, and the wind is still. Dear heart, 'tis the perfume of your own fair hair, sweet as that of a field of daisies in full flower. Breathe deep, dear heart, and be happy, and drink the draught of life! You will turn heads, my dear! You will have lovers who will tell you many things!"

The pretty creature speeds away to her shop, to make hats for her mistress to sell. The day is no more hers than another's, and yet, while she was in the street, she felt herself a sort of queen.

CHAPTER XIII.

Two days later, in the early morning, when little shreds of fog were straying like white shavings over the water, a flat boat put off from the Mauves meadows and crossed the Loire. The moustache of the man who wielded the pole was wet with mist, but there was a merry light in his eyes. Grasping with both hands the iron-shod shaft, whose extremity touched the sand of the river-bed and then travelled along the side of the steadily advancing craft, the tall, supple boatman in his dark blue Jersey took a slantwise course toward the opposite bank, where the small islets of Héron and Pinette are separated both from one another and from the river-bank by slender streams of water. It was Etienne starting on his daily round.

Profound silence everywhere. Barely the note of a solitary snipe, spreading his wings and beginning to feed among the water-grasses. The flood was a thing of the past. The blue water, streaked here and there with bands of

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a darker hue, glittered no more, except around the sandbanks, where the slender line of light was curved like a sickle.

As the boat glided on and the day brightened apace, the boatman was thinking: "I love her too much. I shall have to tell her." Presently he entered a narrow channel where the current was hardly perceptible. There, in the mud, and protected by an island on either side, the reeds grew luxuriantly. The bow-nets had been set in the clear parts of the stream, opening in the direction of the current, and Etienne worked diligently for half an hour, lifting with his iron hook the oster traps in which the eels had been snared, pulling out the bung of grass, and emptying the fish into the receptacle arranged in the bow of his boat, then flinging the grass away. It was an excellent catch. Skirting thus the little island of Héron, Etienne arrived at its extremity and at the mouth of the broader tributary of Pirmil, having on its left the main land with all the farms and houses of the suburb of St. Sébastien, still enveloped in fog. He then sprang upright, let his pole trail along the water, threw back his head and expanded his chest, and called out with the voice of a trumpet:—

"Holloa! you folk in Gibraye! holloa!"

He was answered by a muffled cry from the river-bank, for the folk in Gibraye had heard him. They were on the lookout for the fisherman from Mauves, and the whole forepart of the craft was presently heaped with baskets. Cabbages, leeks and turnips projected from the boat on either side, and all but dipped in the water; above were hamper of lettuce and sorrel, bunched carrots formed the apex of the pyramid, and there were three nosegays of nasturtiums which Etienne caught and stuck in the band of his green hat, where they glowed like a flame. The top of the heap was on a level with his eyes, when he took his place once more in the stern, pushed off with three turns of the sculls, and let himself drift with the main current. "Yes," Etienne was saying to himself, "I will speak to

her this morning. I can't put it off any longer."

The Loire was waking up. The beating of a paddle became audible in a willow-inlet. Boats of salmon-fishers began to streak the surface of the stream, which turned gold-color where they passed. The vast profile of the town emerged at various points from the mist which still clung to the surface of the water, while Etienne, motionless, with beating heart, and the words he dared not utter trembling upon his lips, awaited the moment when a tiny white dwelling, set aloft like a light-house, should disengage itself from the fog, and the network of masts, and the tips of the poplar-trees on the Isle of Sainte-Anne, at the mouth of the main Loire.

Henriette was at her chamber window fastening the last hooks of the black bodice which she wore every day. She hoped she should see him, but did not much expect it. The poor are always so hurried! Etienne had not mentioned the exact hour at which his boat would pass, and the girl was thinking, "I can wait such a very little while."

Her eyes explored the landscape from the Duke's Meadows to Trentemoult, and suddenly, midway of the Loire, and rounding the point of Sainte-Anne, she discovered the flat boat, the three bouquets of nasturtiums, the green baskets, and Etienne who had sprung to his full height.

He had let fall his paddle and was no longer steering. His boat was drifting with the stream, no other being in sight, and his face was turned toward the white house. Suddenly he discovered Henriette at the open window, sprang upon the back seat that he might himself be the better seen, and with both hands flung her two kisses.

"That's rather audacious of Etienne," said Henriette, blushing deeply, and she drew back from the window, but returned almost immediately, to find that he had turned the boat, with a single stroke of his pole, and was already lost among the skiffs and pleasure-yachts of the little port of Trentemoult.

The girl finished putting her room in order with a smile upon her lips, and promising herself the pleasure of scolding Etienne. Her cheeks were still pink, and as she crossed the kitchen on her way to her work, Uncle Madiot called out:—

"What ails you this morning, miss? You look as lively as a minnow!"

And the fact was that she found it rather difficult this morning to put on the serious and slightly cold expression which she habitually wore in the street. She tripped down-stairs, closing the door behind her, and exactly opposite it, leaning against one of the acacias, she beheld big Etienne.

Her heart began to beat strongly; she felt disturbed, almost vexed, while Etienne came forward with a face half smiling, and half anxious. He had put on a black vest over his blue jersey, and his Sunday hat.

"I hoped I should see you," he said.

She gave him her hand rather timidly, while every house on the steep slope of the Hermitage hill seemed to have women at the windows, and a crowd of children round the door.

"Can we have a bit of talk?" Etienne inquired, and she answered that if he would walk with her as far as the Fosse, they might talk by the way.

For several minutes, however, neither spoke. He gazed at the intricate network of yards behind which the sun was rising; she at the familiar succession of low doorways, stairways and windows, whence issued more than one "Good-morning, Henriette;" and "Good-morning, Vivien," was the answer, "Good-morning, Dame Esnault," "Good-morning, Marcelle."

Presently they emerged from the Misery quarter, and came out upon the quay, and were speedily involved in a crowd of laborers and loafers about the port, strangers all, whose very number gave the young people a sense of solitude. Etienne now took courage to glance at the rosy face of the graceful creature who tripped beside him; and when they had dodged, by a simultaneous impulse, a troop of porters engaged in unloading a wheat-vessel, they found,

a little farther on, a huge pile of bags of gypsum, which seemed to afford a convenient shelter. There they paused, and he planted himself in front of her, and one more was added to the pairs of lovers, who faced one another in the awakening town, speaking low and without gestures, for fear of attracting attention.

"You see," began Etienne, "I could not go on like this any longer—"

"What is it you want to say?"

He waited, warily, for a custom-house officer to pass before he continued:—

"No, Mlle. Henriette, I could not go on forever with a feeling for you of which I never spoke."

He saw her shrink a little and grow pale steadying herself against the pile of sacks, and he cried out more vehemently:—

"Oh, don't go away! Hear me! Father thinks I bring vegetables to Trentemoult just for the sake of getting a little more money. And I'm glad to do that, of course, but the main thing is that I want to see you. Every blessed day for three months now, I have been on the lookout—"

He wanted to say more, but could not. A distressing sob rose in his throat, for youth is as prompt to despair as to love. He stiffened himself against his fate, but no other word would come, and he felt utterly humiliated.

Then it was that he felt two small gloved hands clasping his own, and heard a troubled voice saying:—

"My poor Etienne, do you mean it? I am so surprised! I never imagined—I only thought you were my friend. We have been such good friends, ever since we were children! And I was so pleased to have it thus, that if you got a bit flattering, I used to think: 'Oh, that is all right! My friend is growing up! What did compliments signify between two comrades like us?' But now—I want to cry! Ah, you shouldn't have said it! I liked you so much, as you were before."

Etienne lifted his head, and the haughty spirit within him hardened his face and his voice.

"You'll have nothing to say to me,

then, Mlle. Henriette. You don't think me good enough for you——"

She lifted her eyes, glittering with tears, but infinitely sincere: "Oh, I never said that! Please don't make it harder for me! No, no, look at me! I don't look down upon you! There is no one I begin to like so well as you, Etienne, and I am telling you the whole truth. But I can't give you an answer just now. I must think about it, for it is all so strange. Please give me time!"

"How much?"

"I don't quite know! My brother is going into the army, and I must earn money for him; because he will never like it—don't you know?—if he has no money to spend. And then, by the end of the year, I shall know better about my own position; whether or no I am to be head-milliner in our house. Everything depends on that with me. Please wait until I can make up my mind quite clearly!" She tried to smile upon him as she added: "I'll see you again. Don't look so sad! Now I must go, for 'tis half past eight, and I shall be behind time."

She turned and hurried away—a slim figure in the broad daylight. But she left with Etienne the image of her eyes alone which, he thought, were like those of a very, very tender sister. He stood for a long while motionless, gazing along the quay, and down the street after the slender figure in black, as it grew smaller and finally disappeared. It was only the eyes—which he could no longer see—which had entered into his heart.

That night, after a day during which she had gone over and over again, in her mind, the incident of the morning, as well as sundry others of a more or less disquieting nature, Henriette came home so tired as to be utterly indifferent to the sweetness of the June evening. Yet this had sufficed to lure even the invalids into the open air; and all about the poor quarter, on a level with the sills of the open windows, were to be seen the tangled heads, supported upon pillows, of young mothers, who were still too weak to rise. But Henri-

ette was too exhausted even to think; she did not so much as hear the children who called out to her; while they, missing the familiar look and smile, and divining her preoccupation, waited only an instant and then resumed their play. Henriette actually forgot even to lift her skirts, which displayed a white border of dust.

But as she passed the entrance to the Hervé Court, she perceived lying by the sidewalk, in an unpainted wooden cart with solid wheels, a poor little infirm creature of ten or thereabouts. Marcelle Esnault had been bed-ridden for three years. She lived on, almost incapable of motion, lying flat upon her back, and looking at the sky. Her eyes were so weak that it was only by a great effort she observed anything in the street. They dragged her round from one sheltered spot to another, following the moving shadow of the house-gables, or the acacias. She had the tranquillity of those whose hold on life is very weak, and Henriette, in her absorption, would have passed her to-night without a thought, but for the beseeching cry which arose from the pavement:—

"Oh, mademoiselle!"

And pausing, she discovered at her very feet, on the right of the sidewalk, the little cart, and the seaweed mattress, and the white face encircled by short hair, which had not vigor enough to grow. Bending down, as she so often did, to caress the child, she found her cheeks wet with tears, and her expression so fraught with distress, that Henriette exclaimed:—

"What is it, Marcelle? Is the pain so very bad?"

The child only shook her head.

"Has anybody been unkind to you?"

"Stoop down close, and I will tell you."

And as the girl bent low above the wretched little couch, while all the women in the street observed her over their knitting, a piteous whisper said:—

"Please, Mlle. Henriette, don't get married! Don't go away from here! I should never see you again!"

"My poor darling, whatever put that

into your head?" cried Henriette, stroking the pallid cheeks of the infant. "You're silly! But make yourself quite easy! I haven't the least thought of marrying," and she passed on, feeling sadder than ever. She could not help remembering that that morning, when she had gone down the steep street with Etienne, the little cart had already been stationed at an angle of the court.

What an agitating day it had been, and sleep, she foresaw, would not come early. She excused herself, on the plea of a headache, from the supper which Uncle Madlot had prepared, and going into her own room, looked up a certain notebook, bound in grey linen, which she had not seen for months, but where she had once undertaken to set down her half-formed thoughts, as girls often do, when their hearts are awakening, and they can never tell all to any confidante, though all be only their own hunger for love. And this is what she wrote:—

"I have no one to confide in, no one to encourage or advise me, yet people are always appealing to me, as though I were strong. 'Oh, you!' said Irma the other day, as if I belonged to a different species. Alas, I am just like the rest. I like quantities of things and people, and shall go on doing so, until I fix all my affections, one of these days, on the one who shall be worthy. All the same, I am troubled and perplexed. It is because I am weak that I cry so easily, and suffer when any one treats me unkindly, and have such wandering thoughts. Just because I am an honest girl, the others in the shop think I am strong enough for them to lean on. It is a great mistake.

"This morning, after being quite upset by my talk with Etienne, I hurried to the shop, where Irma noticed my red eyes, and said: 'Oh, your turn has come, has it?' I had to keep back my tears, keep back my heart and my thoughts for the sake of those young girls who will soon, perhaps, be under my direction. I was ashamed of myself, while all those who always give way to every passing feeling exulted over me, as I could see. Luckily Mme. Clémence

was not there, for I hadn't the least inspiration about my work, not an idea. At ten o'clock we had leave to go to Mlle. du Muel's wedding—Mlle. Augustine, Irma, Mathilde and I. I got leave for Marie Schwartz to go too, and the poor thing came up to me, on the stairs, and said: 'Something worries you! Is it about me? Am I to be dismissed?' I said, 'No, indeed.' She has had so much trouble that she cannot believe other people have any.

"In another half hour, we were all in the church of Sainte-Croix, in the poor seats at the end of the nave, where the smart bridesmaids who take the contributions never come.

"I recognized some of the girls from Mme. Louise's establishment, and from a haberdashery shop where they have begun to keep a few hats.

"The church was magnificent; flowers, carpets, velvet-cushioned seats, and such a long procession of real ladies and gentlemen—not mere rich folks, but the sort of women who know how to wear their clothes, and the sort of gentlemen who can give a lady their arm! I could not help enjoying it all. Ever since I was at the Sisters' school, I have had to think about what is elegant and fashionable; I have been employed about such things. I keep in my mind the shape of a ribbon-bow, or the exact shade of a bunch of flowers, just as other people remember the fine things they have read. Mlle. de Muel came down the middle aisle on her father's arm, while we all stood up. Some even mounted upon their chairs, full of excitement and curiosity, and a little envy too, because we are women. And then I observed that Marie Schwartz whom I had kept close beside me, was not looking at the procession at all. While all the rest of us were following with our eyes the different groups of guests, as they came in, she leaned back, as though she were listening for something. That little black cape which she almost always wears, poor child, was pressed against the back of her chair, and oh, I had such an unpleasant shock, for my brother Antoine was talking to her!

"I said nothing to Marie, but I asked Antoine how he came to be there, and why he had not spoken to me. He said he was waiting until I should be at liberty. He complained of the slackness of work, and said he was not employed more than three days in the week. Finally I gave him five francs to get rid of him, and he went off. The great organ was playing a march just then, and Marie never once glanced in his direction. I do not think she saw him go. She had that sombre look in her beautiful, big, black eyes, and I felt very anxious. I know so little about her, after all, and I know Antoine so well! I did not know how to warn her, and yet it was impossible to leave her quite unsuspecting and exposed to my brother's advances. For I am perfectly sure that he means to pursue her. I feel it, as though I were the mother or the sister of the unhappy girl. And I am so made that I cannot see such a thing without anguish. I think I must have imbibed such ideas from my own mother when I was very small.

"On our way home, I tried to make Marie describe the hats and bonnets she had seen. Mathilde also asked her some questions. But I'm afraid my recruit will never make a fashionable milliner, or at any rate a trimmer. She seemed to have had no eye except for the types of people, whom she mimicked to amuse us.

"I felt very sad. At five o'clock Mme. Clémence came in and dismissed us all except Mlle. Augustine, Reine and the apprentice. A good many of the girls were disturbed at being let out so early. It is a symptom of the dead season, and their approaching discharge. I said to Marie that we would go to her place; I wanted to see her room. And so we set off together, like a couple of old friends, and climbed up to the Rue St. Similien.

"I thought of my own pretty room, as I entered hers. It is in a court, on the right hand side of the street, and about half-way down. Through the entrance you get a glimpse of the cathedral. Marie had found a furnished room here for eight francs, but it made

me shudder to think of the sort of people who had lived there before her, and were living all about her now. There must be about two hundred poor people living in the main body, and the two wings of one old mansion. We went up five slate-stone steps, mended with bricks, and Marie pushed open the door, and said in her droll way:—

"Here you are in paradise! Excuse me for going before you!"

"Four whitewashed walls—white-washed more than ten years ago!—a folding bed, two chairs and a table, and a looking-glass about the size of my hand, hung near the window.

"I began to joke, for fear of crying. Luckily there were two chairs, and I said: 'Mightn't we have some supper?' She pointed at the empty fireplace, without fire or so much as a saucepan, and I immediately ran out and bought some provisions—rather more bread, and so forth, than we really needed—and we had our supper together, at the whitewood table. We were quite gay, just as the trees are gay and shine after a little fall of snow, which will immediately melt away. I was thankful that I had gone there, for Marie opened her heart, and thanked me, and suffered me to say, cautiously, as one must with a comrade, that she ought to beware of Antoine. But I was terrified by her moral ignorance. What she said was:—

"Just now I want neither him nor anybody else. I think the men are all base. They don't love us as we love one another; they leave us, and the women who make a regular business of that sort of thing are the most unhappy of all. But I know myself and I don't wish to deceive you. If I fall, it will be the fault of my bad adviser—"

"Whom do you mean?"

"Oh, the same man! I pay eight francs a month here. I get fifteen. I must eat, and dress, and keep warm, and wash my two chemises and my three pocket-handkerchiefs. I am already more than fifteen francs in debt. How do you expect me to live? One of these days I shall be hungry, and then I shall give in."

"I felt cut to the heart. I could not say a word. As we sat there side by side, at the little supper-table, we both cried. Marie has no faith; she has quite forgotten the few prayers she ever knew. And yet she is so tender and impulsive! But it is as if all her impulses were toward evil and darkness, and death. I felt as though I were tending a sick sister; but we suffered together, and the fears I have for her, and the way in which she had thrown herself on my mercy, seemed to draw us closer together. We talked a long while, and I tried to cheer her up. I made out a scheme of expenses for her, but we both burst out laughing over it, for it wouldn't do. I said I would do my best for her with Mme. Clémence, try to get her wages raised a little, and her supper thrown in.

"She hugged me so tight, when I came away! The sky was all full of stars, but I never saw them, until just as I reached our own door. I could think only of her. I had forgotten all about myself, but oh, my God! how I wanted to be of use to Marie! And yet what have I of all the things she needs? They call me good, but I have only a vague desire to be so. I feel weak, and, somehow, to blame.

"To-night, too, in the stillness of my own room, of which I am so fond, I know that I have done a wrong to Etienne Loutrel. I am like all the rest of them—I want to be loved. So I have let him pay court to me, for the mere luxury of being enveloped in his tenderness. I never dreamed he would so soon think that he had a right to my love. The friendship there has always been between us seemed to excuse my familiarity, and especially his; and I was always falling back upon that, to explain the eager look in Etienne's eyes and all his compliments and attentions. I wanted to deceive myself. The joy of hearing those first avowals was so great, that I listened and refused to understand them.

"But now that he has spoken out, it would be base in me to see him again and give him the opportunity to say: 'You are pretty! You are just to my

taste! You are the one I have chosen.'—all those things, in fact, that we begin to dream about as soon as we are grown up. Yet he wrings my heart, poor Etienne! because he is so good and honorable, and loves me, and I have a suspicion that I have not treated him quite fairly. But I could see perfectly well, the other day, that he understands nothing about my business, about what has constituted the interest of my life. Would not that be very serious, supposing we were to marry? Would the mere fact of loving him make it possible for me to go back and become again what I was when I came out of the convent school, and had read nothing and knew nothing beyond our own suburb, and hadn't an idea beyond the marriage of a housewife to an artisan?

"I have handled velvet too much, and silk, and lace. I have worked in too fine materials, and invented too many beautiful things for other people. I have acquired a taste for what is elegant and artistic which he could never share. Even if I were to give up my trade, and go and live in the Mauves meadow, turning my back upon Uncle Eloi in his old age, should I be entirely happy? Could I be so, as Etienne's wife? I don't know what to say. When I see highbred young people, I know, of course, that one of that class would never marry me, and several of them have made it pretty clear what they thought of me; and yet there is something in their manners and way of talking that I like—that I wish I might find in a lover.

"How silly I am! I'm afraid my training as a milliner has made me too difficult. I have friends of my childhood, whose lives have been very different from mine. They are married. They have their husbands and their housekeeping, their little two-room houses along the Rue de Chantenay or d'Indret. When I go by and see them with their babies in their arms, I envy them. And yet, the moment the same kind of happiness is offered to me, I am distressed—I feel that I am not like them.

"Who will tell me what to do? Who will come to my help? And I am the adviser-general—the one to whom everybody applies! What would they think of me, if they knew?"

It was late that night before Henriette slept. The midnight chill had already covered the windows with moisture, and not a footstep was audible upon the quays; nothing but far-off country sounds, like the croaking of frogs, or the noise of some great ship's chain lifted regularly by the tide.

Henriette, whose soul was full of the words and images of love, dreamed that she was being married, in a white brocade and a white veil, to a man who resembled Etienne in face only, but who was very rich and very refined, and who murmured as he bent over her: "Your troubles are all over, sweetheart! I love you."

At the same time, in her miserable room in the Rue St. Similien, Marie Schwartz was dreaming that she had curtains to her bed, and mirrors with a sort of rainbow border where she could see herself full-length. She thought that it was winter and she was dispensing tea in flowered porcelain cups, to her mother who had come back from Paris, and was reconciled to her, and as affectionate as ever, and that she spread out her languid hands to the fire, which flamed high as it does in the houses of the rich.

And far away in another direction in the ward beside the Erdre, the little apprentice Louisa, with eyelids swollen by fatigue, dreamed that she was a first-class milliner, a shaper or trimmer who was no longer obliged to scour the streets, and the shop-girls called her Mlle. Louisa, and said: "If you please!" At which modest thought of a better future the child's lips began to smile in the dark.

So, for one and another, the night repaired the damage of the day—night which releases the soul from the slumbering body and gives it free course.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From Blackwood's Magazine.
TIGER MAJESTY.

There were once three Chinamen on their trial at Singapore for piracy and murder on the high seas. The jury had found them guilty, and the judge proceeded to pass sentence. This he did in a speech of some length, in the course of which he spoke of *alibis* and *onus probandi*, now alluding to this argument, now referring to that piece of evidence, with a word here as to the heinous nature of the offence, and something to say on British justice. And in the end: "The sentence of the court is . . . And now, Mr. Interpreter, I will have you tell the prisoners what I have said." In those days the court interpreter had but small English and no Latin at all; however, being put to it to make some sort of translation, he laid his hands on the dock and bawled thus into the mouths of the terror-stricken prisoners: "Hi! you wretches! Ho! you scoundrels! To-morrow he will chop off your heads!" Naturally the anger of the learned judge was great; and indeed the procedure did not altogether accord with our ideas of decorum. But very different was the impression made on the Chinese in the body of the court. "True justice: Tiger Majesty!" was their opinion.

At a time when our policy with the native races under our rule seems put, in a manner, on its trial; when the English democracy seems wavering in its belief that freedom of speech should be accorded to races by whom truth is not considered a virtue, and trial by jury to people who regard perjury as an accomplishment,—it seems to me to be an apt moment to look at the question of our administration from a native point of view. I propose in this article to speak of our rule in the Straits Settlements, the colony I know best, as it appears to a Chinese immigrant; and then I shall try to show what are the conditions which prevail in his own land, and with which he is quite satisfied.

As my type of the thousands of adventurers who pour annually from South China into the Malay Peninsula,

I select a young peasant living with his father and a host of kinsfolk on a plot of land within forty or fifty miles of Swatow. Living at the best on the verge of starvation, this family finds ever greater difficulty in winning enough rice for its increasing numbers; and so the next time the agent appears who recruits coolies for the "Myriad Joys" sugar estate in the "Four Settlements," as they call the Malay Peninsula, then our respected friend is to go with him. But first it must be clearly understood what manner of man he is. Physically a thick-set, sturdy little man, he has a very complete knowledge of the culture of the sugar-cane; beyond this his ignorance is phenomenal. He can neither read nor write; in history, perhaps, he knows that the Tshin dynasty upset the Mings two hundred odd years ago; his religion consists of a knowledge of ancestor-worship as performed in his father's household; with a tag or two he has heard of the wisdom of Confucius, such as "To worship at another's altar is called flattery," or some text equally inspiring. As for geography, should his mind ever dwell on such a subject (which I doubt), he would believe the world to be China, bounded by the four seas, over which seas are sirewn the barbarous islands he has heard of from his travelled friends—to wit, the New and Old Gold Hills (Australia and California), Hong-Kong, the Red-haired country (England), the Tin Hills, Luzon, or Penang. With such mental equipment he bows to his father, kisses his son, and sets out on his travels; and eventually steams out of Swatow harbor in a little native-owned steamboat, he and fifty companions in fortune.

Small as she is, the steamer bulks very huge by his own boat alongside her, and it might be thought that here is an impressive object-lesson for him of a new civilization at the very outset of his travel. Unfortunately his surprise and admiration are but feelings of the moment. Nothing of the discontent with inferiority that is big with progress comes into his mind. Like a child, indifferent in a world of wonder,

he stares for a minute or two at the bright convolutions of the machinery, and listens in bewilderment to the rattle of the donkey-engine; after which he will turn aside to matters touching him more nearly, and reserve his faculty of wonder for the spasms of seasickness or the plague of weevils in his rice.

In venturing so far from his native land our friend the coolie thinks no small thing of his courage. And we who talk of the unsettled state of China, and go as secure in a British colony as in Bond Street, must not be too ready to laugh at him. There may be dangers for him from which we are exempt. I hold in my hand a petition addressed to the Protector of Chinese at Singapore from one Chang Tek Hiao beginning thus: "A petition concerning a kidnapper who entraps and ensnares men and sells them as slaves." He implores that "examination may be made and schemes devised to safeguard poor travellers and as a warning to sly rogues." And to show how such dangers may be not altogether imaginary, I am almost tempted to have our immigrant crimped from the coolie depot in Penang and carried away into a three years' bondage on a tobacco estate in Dutch territory, to his infinite discomfort. But spared from this, he passes quietly to his temporary home on the "Myriad Joys" estate. First, though, he must go through an ordeal to which we English attach great importance. He is told by the agent who brought him from China that he must come before the Red-haired mandarin and say "Yes" to all questions put to him. His whole experience of our methods hitherto has been gained from an irate Aberdonian engineer who knocked him down for experimenting with the steam-gauge; and he enters the presence with trembling.

There are a crowd of Chinese standing before a desk where a Red-hair devil is sitting. Is that a mandarin? He is dressed in a short coat, and has not so much as a hat, much less a button. His hair is black, though,—and he appears to be trying to "talk language"

(that is, to talk the *only* language—Chinese, to wit). Perhaps he is only a devil on the father's side. Well, he finds himself pushed up to the desk and pilled with a string of questions. "Are you willing to—?" *et cætera*. "No! I don't understand. I mean yes, yes, yes," and the interview is over. His new master takes him away and explains that he need not trouble about these ceremonies; only whenever he is asked by any Red-hair whether he is contented, he must declare that he is.

So this poor ignorant fellow is taken away to the sugar estate; and if a few months later a magistrate on inspection duty shall find the man's back striped with weals and demand an explanation, he will take his cue from his master and his fellow-laborers and swear that the weals were due to bad water, or a snake-bite, or anything else except a popular castigation. Equipped with Chinese powers and a few joints of bamboo, the magistrate would soon be getting at the truth: as it is, he is constrained to pass on with a shrug of his shoulders.

If we pursue the further adventures of this typical colonist, we are likely to find that the duration of his stay in the country brings no proportionate increase to his comprehension of its institutions. After he has worked off, by a year's labor, the cost of his passage from China, we may suppose him to join a gang of wood-cutters or charcoal-burners; or perhaps he will squat on a corner of land and grow vegetables for the local market. In any case, he will probably be induced by his associates to join in some illegal society, the ostensible motive of which may be a revolution in China—"Upset the Tshins, Recall the Mings;" but which has none the less for its practical end to shelter and defend its members from the clumsy fingers of our criminal law.

From his new friends he will learn of the thousand and one offences under our legal codes—cutting a stick here, driving your bullock-cart there; gambling with your friend, or fighting with your enemy: which offences, as they are innumerable and not to be kept in

the memory, so it is advisable to run at the bare sight of a Sikh policeman, and if caught, to offer the "Mata-devil" ten cents, or it may be half a dollar, without more ado. Or if that will not serve, and he comes before the court and eventually into prison, why, even so things will not be so bad but that they might be worse. The prison fare is wholesome, and the prison labor no harder than what he is accustomed to. After working out a sentence or two, he becomes more familiar with our methods. He scrapes an acquaintance with the law of evidence; and when he quarrels, lays an information against his enemy, whose liberty he and his friends are prepared to swear away on any plausible charge from murder to chicken-stealing. If a conviction is obtained—so much for Red-hair justice! If the case breaks down, no worse harm can befall the bearers of false witness than a possible "loss of countenance."

But with ordinary luck our friend contrives to keep clear of the courts, in which case his intercourse with Europeans will be still less extensive. After many years of industry, it may be that he contrives to amass a small fortune of £30 or £40, sufficient to buy another rice-field to add to the family domain. With these savings it is to be hoped he will run the gauntlet of the swarms of thieves and desperadoes that our tin-fields and busy ports attract, and make his way safely to the treaty port he left a dozen years before.

Men may come and men may go, but China changes not. The returned wanderer shoulders his bundle and treads the tangled mountain tracks as if it was but yesterday he traversed them on his journey forth. There is the wayside shrine; there the pine-tree; there the water-wheel. And now the homestead comes into sight, as he has seen it in his dreams a thousand times, deep set in the golden sugar-cane. An old man is sitting at the porch, with a sun-burned boy of sixteen by his side, and the third figure is his old wife. "You don't remember me," says our exile, grinning as he kicks a new generation of curs from the threshold. There we

will leave him, older certainly and richer, and possibly a little wiser than on his setting out.

I have spoken with many Chinese who have returned home from abroad with the mark of our civilization on them in the shape of a pair of leather shoes. Skill in the mechanical arts it is admitted that we possess; and if only those home-comers would but be discontented with the toil of the weary journey on foot or the slow passage by barge after experience of our railways and steamers,—if only, I say, they would but wish for such appliances even for a moment, then China would have moved a point on the dial nearer to her awakening. But no! Ask in the first house where you see a Straits-made easy-chair, ask the travelled owner, "Why have you no railways here?" and he will make unhesitating reply, "Because, sir, in China there are no railways."

Let us see in what fresh light he can set our ways for the instruction of his family. We are clever workmen. (That they knew.) We are stupid and gullible, of course; and we have no acquaintance with the principles of propriety or of right and wrong. And as for our mandarins, so-called, they are like those of China, venal and corrupt. (It is hardly to be hoped that any distinction will be drawn between the government tax collected by the magistrate and the "squeeze" which sticks to the fingers of his clerk.) Lastly, to our misrule are attributed such lawless acts as are found inevitably among the untrammelled and adventurous population of a newly opened country, but which are scarce known in the quiet country districts of China.

Lest I overstate my case, I must not forget to tell of one instance, at any rate, in which I found that the beneficence of our administration was recognized. A man I knew had been cured of dysentery in a Straits hospital, and his son, who afterwards became my servant, begged of me, in his filial gratitude, a photograph of the "Red-haired Great Queen," which, when I gave it, he set up in his room, and I have seen

sticks of incense burning before it. But such instances, I fear, must be regarded as very exceptional. It is little gratitude our hospitals bring us, as a rule. I have seen too many men lying in the wards, incurable cases of ophthalmia or of that disease whose ravages we are forbidden to circumscribe—men who, though treated with every conceivable kindness and attention, have had nothing better to say to me, when asked how they did, than, "The great doctor poured acid on my eyes and blinded them." "He smeared us with bad ointment and rotted away our flesh." Whether they believe what they say in the beginning, or whether the lie gains plausibility by repetition, is beside the mark. It is clear that letters sent home by men like these will not endear us in the affections of their countrymen. As for the belief so commonly heard, that the emigrants returning home will bring with them a heaven that will lighten the Chinese lump, *that*, I fear, is visionary indeed.

I have tried to show that the Chinese of our colonies have not that respect for our rule which we might have hoped for from the reputed defects of their own. My next object will be to give a brief description of a Chinese court of law, its powers and its limitations; and lastly, I shall attempt to trace how far its influence extends over the districts which are, nominally at any rate, under its jurisdiction. And I shall continue to deal in illustration rather than in argument, preferring that the reader should draw his own conclusions from the facts thus laid before him.

The court I have in my mind's eye is that of a district magistracy in South China. The magistrate, a man named Chong, was connected by marriage with the brother of Li Hung Chang, then viceroy of the provinces of Kwangtung and Kwang-si. He had no great reputation for learning, and it was common gossip of the tea-houses that the money or influence of his great relations had weighed with the high examiner who qualified him for his appoint-

ment. For the rest he was a man of about forty years, tall for a Chinaman, with high cheek-bones and a long pointed chin, and the grey unwholesome skin of a slave to opium.

His judgment-seat was in a flagged courtyard, the main portion of which was open to the sky, with rude frescoes in color done on its whitewashed walls. A covered pathway ran the length of it on each side, and terminated in a kind of pent-house roof which sheltered that end of the enclosure; and the space under this roof (some thirty feet in width and fifteen or twenty deep) was raised above the level of the rest of the courtyard, and was approached from it by two or three steps. On this raised platform or dais sat the magistrate in his blue robe and biretta with the button, having in front of him a large table covered and valanced with red cloth, on which were placed a Chinese inkstand, a lead pen-rack, an imposing pile of law books, and a pot, made out of a section of the giant bamboo, filled with slips of wood bearing various numbers—twenty, fifty, or a hundred. A tablet (green, if I remember) to Confucius adorned the wall behind, as also sundry scriptures from the classics writ large in black and red. One of these sticks in my memory which runs thus: "Learning without Thought, Time lost; Thought without Learning, Perdition." There used to stand behind the magistrate two sorry-looking rogues with silk banners in their hands, and along with them grouped about the bench were a throng of satellites—constables and runners, and jailors, with their chains—all very ragged and slovenly and dirty. The dais itself was usually very foul and unswept, the plaster from the walls lying for days where it had flaked off and fallen. The courtyard below the dais would be thronged with the friends of the parties to the causes on trial; with whom also you would find a large collection of the lowest classes—professional gamblers, paid bullies from the houses of ill repute, vagabond beggars, and so on—all attracted by the fascination of the rod at play.

The foreigner who frequents these courts is early struck by the absence of any form of crown prosecution. There are none of those cases which with us occupy so large a proportion of the time of a police magistrate—such as vagrancy, drunkenness, public nuisances, or adulteration. These do not appear to be indictable offences. If offenders in this kind inflict injury on a large number of persons, they will shortly be suppressed without need of any trial; but if only an individual suffers, he will either be strong enough to redress his own wrong himself, or else too weak to gain anything by an appeal to Caesar. In fact, it seems hardly too much to say that the law is not called upon unless the object of the complaining party is either revenge or else a wish to re-establish a weakened prestige among his neighbors. The scene I am about to describe will serve as well as one of greater consequence to explain my meaning.

One day while we in the body of the court were hearing some endless land case drag its slow length along, on a sudden the quiet was broken by shrill cries of "Grant justice," and a dishevelled female pushed her way through us up to the dais, a crowd after her dragging among them a frightened angry man. Screaming, she flung herself down before the bench, and beat her head on the ground till the blood ran from her forehead, while the man was forced down on his knees beside her. It seemed as if she were trying to articulate her complaint, but again and again her rage, feigned or real, appeared to overcome her. All that I could distinguish was, "Great old father! extend compassion!" For a minute the great old father sits patient; suddenly his bland expression vanishes, and a network of frowns and wrinkles distorts his countenance. "Ta!" (Strike!) he cries, and at the word one of the attendants whips his shoe off and belabors her with it, over neck and face, till she is half stunned. But this brings her to her senses as it seems, and she launches forth into a turbid story, above the eddies and torrent of

which one fact alone floats clear—the defendant wished to steal her duck. He, on the other hand, denies it all—will admit nothing. "Ka, ka!" (False! false!) he cries, like an indignant crow, to each fresh evolution of the charge before it has fairly left her lips. The interpreter translates as much as he considers relevant from the local dialect into Pekinese; and the mandarin sits motionless with that blank face a Chinaman assumes so naturally. But presently, in the twinkling of an eye, the breath of the true "Tiger Majesty" is again upon him: the pleadings may now be hushed: sentence is about to pass. "Ha!" he shouts. "Ha! ha!" roar the constables, the bannermen, the flagellist, the jailors, as they stamp and clank their chains. The mandarin draws a slip from the bamboo jar and flings it down on the table. The flagellist picks it up. It bears the number twenty. They hold the head of the defendant, he nowise resisting, upon the ground, and bare his thighs, while the flagellist administers the twenty strokes with a flat bamboo cricket-bat. It seems he has not been bribed; he certainly does not strain the quality of mercy, but lays on with a will. The sound of the blows—clap, clap—rings back from the walls; and by the time he has finished, the victim's flesh is bruised and swollen well-nigh to bleeding-point. Then accuser and accused rise up and make their bow and vanish in the crowd. I never heard anything more about these people, but of one thing I am sure—a duck was not the subject of the quarrel.

It must not be supposed that every cause can be disposed of in this summary fashion. On the contrary, there are complex law-suits, which are handed down through the tenure of half-a-dozen mandarins, where all the parties are bribing the Yamen and its whole establishment, from the magistrate to the man with the bamboo bat. But in such cases as these, too, the real motive of the suit will generally be found to lie deeper than its ostensible cause. It will have been, not the bit of land in dispute, but some local ascend-

ancy to be won or retained, that has brought the parties into court.

What, then, shall we say is the mental attitude of the average Chinaman towards the courts? It is certainly one of acquiescence; but the mixture of feelings that underlies this acquiescence is not easy to analyze. That the popular mistrust of the courts is deep-rooted is beyond a doubt. Every child in Canton province has this stanza by heart:—

Like figure eight gapes Yamen gate,¹
Beware, ye poor!
Right sans Might's a woeful wight
Once past this door.

And it cannot be said that a corrupt officialdom seems to them a natural or inevitable state of things. Such aphorisms as this, "Promote righteousness, discard obliquity; then will the people be loyal," are commonplaces of polite conversation. But the mandarin, however venal and brutal he may be, is careful, as a rule, not to outrage popular prejudices. He will not beat an old man, for example, though if his son were present he would not scruple to transfer the punishment to *him*, to the huge delight, probably, of the public. For your average peasant seems to find a sort of pleasure in those beatings and buffetings; perhaps, like the hideous deities he sets up and worships, they titillate his jaded nerves with a delightful horror.

But, after all, these are mere matters of sentiment; and sentiment alone would hardly sanctify a tyranny, in China least of all countries, where the authority of the law rests on such a weak foundation of physical power. The real cause of this general acquiescence in bad government, and of such outward shows of respect as are paid to it, lies, I think, in this—the weight of the injustice may crush an individual here and there, but it presses far from heavily on the community as a whole. I remember hearing of one village

¹ The Chinese character for eight (*pat*) is formed of two strokes sleeping inwards, like folding-doors partly opened. A. Ingress is easy, but the way out is hard to find.

whose common right over a certain piece of moorland was invaded by their magistrate. The villagers took counsel together and sulked, shut up their shops and their market, and behaved as if they were mourning over a public calamity. Such a state of things might have quickly reached the ears of the viceroy, attentive as the high authorities are to hear anything that resembles a popular uprising. A commission might have been sent to report, whose good graces the magistrate could hardly purchase with less than a year's income of the office. The mandarin saw that he had gone too far, and gave in.

Indeed I will venture to go further and assert that in no country in the world is there more actual freedom, less of the meddlesomeness of government, than in China. What do the myriad villages and the unnumbered country homesteads know either of mandarin or central government, beyond the more or less spasmodic exaction of a land-tax? There is a true local autonomy, of the *laissez-faire* school, in each small community. In the country homesteads, that account, I dare say, for one-half of the population, questions of right and wrong go by the will of the head of the family. Should one of these homesteads fall out with another over a diverted watercourse or a violated grave, then the greybeards on either side discuss the quarrel, and the household found to be in the wrong must make amends. Very often justice is satisfied with a formal admission of wrong-doing, the offending party giving expression of this by the purchase of several thousands of firecrackers, which, let off in the spirit of good fellowship, will clear the moral atmosphere of all bad feeling. Or perhaps the offenders may be ordered to provide a feast, at which the seniors on both sides will sit down with the assessors (if any friends to both parties have rendered this good office) and drink in glasses of rice-brandy to a better understanding for the future. But at all costs reconciliation must be come at. No thought is more repugnant to a Chinaman than that of an

unappeased enemy marking his goings, and on the lookout for a false step.

Should a quarrel wax serious, and fail to be adjusted by such pacific measures as I have described, the aggrieved party will send a representative, who calls politely on the other side, and who on leaving will deposit a few betel-nuts on the table by way of challenge. Whereupon a collision between the younger men of the two factions may well ensue, and the bad blood find vent through broken cockscombs. But unless both parties are exceedingly powerful or in deadly earnest, they will keep their enthusiasm in check; which if they do not, the mandarin will be sending his clerks and a dozen ragged constables to billet themselves on the warring houses, devouring their substance, and making themselves an abomination, until an enforced reconciliation is arrived at.

As regards such matters as the adulteration of food and other forms of fraud, or such nuisances as result, for example, from vagrancy or mendicancy, it is enough to say that these offences, as we should call them, are not in China held to be misdemeanors at all, but merely inconveniences against which people are expected to guard themselves. *Caveat emptor* is the advice to the purchaser. *Beware the dog* is the warning to the tramp. Of real crime, according to Chinese notions, I remember seeing very little. But two cases of detected theft I do remember, which, as they were dealt with in very characteristic wise, it will be worth while to relate somewhat fully.

Fi Chu Fu, on the east branch of the Canton river, is the headquarters of the Tao-toi or Intendant of Circuit, which may account for its being the nest of a very pestilential swarm of rascals. One of these, a fellow named Leung Ah Kim (as I see from my diary), happened about December, 1893, to have made the town too hot to hold him; and so he strayed away to the country villages to the southward for what he could beg or steal, arriving, as it happened, at a little town, Newmarket by name, on the same day as I did, mak-

ing my way north from Kow Loon. It was about midday when I saw him first. I came in by way of the market-place, which was crowded, it being market-day. I had resigned myself, hot and tired as I was, to the inevitable stir at the sight of a foreigner—the laughter, the crowding, and the endless questions. But to my surprise no notice was taken of my entrance. The assembled people were standing with their backs to me and their faces to the opposite wall—a low buzz of conversation running through them, differing in tone somehow from the busy chatter of a fair-day. Presently through a fissure in the crowd we saw a man half naked with his face to the wall, sprawling up against it with hands and feet, as if he were trying to climb it. I remember my Perak servant laughing, as a Chinaman does at a thing in pain, and saying to me in Malay, "Like a cockchafer in a finger-glass." I wondered a little, but glad to escape observation quickly, I made my way to an inn, where I passed the afternoon in a secluded hay-loft, and did not come down till the winter day was drawing to a close.

When I joined my servant, I found him talking in the kitchen with a couple of decent middle-aged men who, it seemed, had heard of my advent and wished to see me, thinking I must be my friend Herr —, a German missionary doctor of the neighborhood. I asked what was the matter; they replied, "A man with sore eyes!" So when they had finished their tea they went out, and I with them. We passed along the narrow alley into the open market-place, to where I had seen the man scrambling along the wall six hours before. That side of the market-place was then quite deserted and quite dark; and before I noticed that the man was still there, I had almost stepped upon him. He was squatting on his haunches, native fashion, silent, or it may be moaning a little. I took him by the forearm (he was naked but for a pair of blue cotton drawers, and the evening was clear and cold, as I remember), and I raised him up and led him across the market-place into the

moonlight. There I saw what ailed him. From where his eyebrows may once have grown to his lips and his chin his face was nothing but one blister. It remains very vividly in my mind; but it is a memory so ghastly that I prefer not to dwell upon it. A glance was sufficient to show that his eyesight had been utterly destroyed.

The two worthy fellows who accompanied me led him between them to their house, while I went back to my inn and got a clean handkerchief and some vaseline. They made him some skilly, and he drank it with eagerness. Then I heard the story, Leung Ah Kim himself corroborating it, and adding a detail here and there.

He had wandered south to New-market, as I have said, arriving there about ten in the forenoon. He had slunk about the market-stalls for a while, and finally had stolen from a butcher's table a little pile of cash (seventy, I think they said, worth about a penny farthing), which he slipped up his sleeve. Unfortunately for him, he was caught in the act. Unfortunately, too, there had been recently a recurrence of such thefts. One can hear the cry, "Thief, old thief!" raised by the witness and caught up by the bystanders as they fell on him tooth and nail, while the elder men were devising a suitable punishment. Presently his undercoat is torn loose and a sheath-knife concealed beneath it lay exposed to view. Then his fate was sealed. They sent to the oil merchant and bought bean oil for five or six cash, with which, having boiled it, they deliberately burned the eyes out of his head.

The man gave his share of the story with little display of emotion. He was probably too exhausted for that; and after all, nothing could be done. And observe, the question of an appeal to the mandarin, either to punish the theft or to avenge the atrocious act that followed on it, never entered into the mind of any one of the actors in this wayside tragedy.

So I left the victim for the night in the care of my fellow Samaritans, who

refused any payment, preferring, as the phrase runs, to "accumulate virtue." I like to dwell on their charity, as such sensibility is far to seek and hard to find in their dull-nerved and cold-blooded nation.

My servant was very indignant when he heard of my doings. He declared I should have all the beggars in the village at my heels—as, indeed, I had. However, I visited the blind man next day, and gave him a letter to the missionary doctor. He never delivered it, and I cannot say what became of him. Perhaps he died; perhaps at this minute he is feeling his way along the purlieus of Fí Chu Fu, begging from door to door with a little tin pot in one hand and a staff to guide his footsteps in the other. Whining "Charity! charity!" professionally filthy and diseased, I can see him, entering shop after shop, and hanging about till the shopman, seeing that he drives away custom, or is soiling the goods with his pestiferous hands, gives him a few cash to be gone. In the evening he will disappear into some unspeakable lair, having laid out his day's earnings in rice enough to sustain life, and as much opium as the balance will buy. You may see such blind beggars any evening at Canton finding their way "home." Ragged, dirty, and diseased beyond description, they feel their way along in queues of eight or ten, each holding to the coat of the other, like a vision of nightmare children playing some grim travesty of "oranges and lemons."

Earlier in this article I have suggested the contempt that a Chinaman is likely to feel at our nerveless ways of dealing with a recalcitrant witness or stubborn prisoner. He is familiar with sterner methods, as the following story, for the truth of which I can vouch, may serve to illustrate. It may be objected that because the injured party, judge, and avenger was in this instance a European—a French priest, in fact—the case may be exceptional. But so intimate a knowledge had this gentleman of Chinese characteristics, acquired by residence in the country during many

years; so well was he aware of the scant justice likely to be obtained by any injured person (and a French missionary least of all), at the mandarin's Yamen; in a word, so thoroughly had he caught the Chinese habit of mind in regard to such matters—that we may accept his action as typical without any reserve whatever. That this action should have passed without in the smallest degree exciting his neighbors' indignation, seems alone sufficient to stamp it as being in nowise extraordinary. As for me, I was a mere looker-on, and stood entirely dissociated from what was passing.

The French priest's chapel was open all day long, and frequently some one or other of his converts would go in to pray or to rest for a few minutes on the benches, or would bring in a friend—perhaps one of *les païens*—to look at the carving or the pictures. This chapel was the object of the priest's deepest pride and affection; and most gladly would he have continued to welcome all such chance visitors if the successive disappearance of the poor fittings and ornaments of the building had not excited his misgivings, and finally driven him into a perfect rage of annoyance and distress. One day a candlestick would disappear; next week the embroidered altar-cloth was missing. But the climax was reached when one evening I strolled into his house to find him on his knees, the tears running down his cheeks. The people, he said, had been in and out of the chapel that afternoon, as usual, and some one of them—"Ces animaux, cette canaille"—had stolen the gem of all its gems, the silver-gilt chalice that stood on the altar. After several days of wretchedness and universal mistrust, suspicion seemed to condense about the person of the son of my landlord, one Chan the Virtuous—a lukewarm Christian and a surly ill-conditioned dog. I knew him well. This fellow was reported to have bought recently a new and handsome pair of shoes, though the village could not imagine where the money came from. "And when to the shoes was added a new "four-seamed" coat, and

It became known also that the *Virtuous* was smoking surreptitious opium, then suspicion seemed to ripen into certainty. The evidence may not have been sufficient, according to our ideas, to justify so much as a remand; but with his acquired Chinese notions, the priest felt justified in much stronger measures. Taking the young man on some pretext or other into his garden, he opened the case for the prosecution by beating him with his slipper. Ah Hon, my boy-of-all-work, came running into my house all aglow with the intelligence, "Our soul-father beats Chan the *Virtuous*!" I ran out, but when I arrived on the battle-field the soul-father was in the hen-house, too busy to attend to me, being at hand-gripes with the *Virtuous* in a whirl of dust and feathers. At length he emerged triumphant, and locking the door, he passed, with a hurried greeting to me, into the house, and quick returned with a coil of rope. By this time the spirit of the *Virtuous* had evaporated, and he passively submitted to be tied to the hinge of the door; so that he had dog's liberty, and could sit down as he liked inside his kennel or outside. At this point in the proceedings prisoner was charged with theft and entered a plea of Not guilty, whereupon his case was remanded, and he was left till the morrow to meditate on his position over a cupful of rice and half a cup of water.

Next morning I saw him again, and a sorrowful figure he made after a night's exposure to the mosquitoes of the rice-plain; but still he declined to confess. His father came and threw himself on his knees before the priest, but the priest was inexorable; and having, indeed, a pretty skill in carpentry, he busied himself through the rest of the day in the manufacture of a machine which is the Chinese equivalent for the thumb-screw, and by night-fall a rude but serviceable instrument had been constructed. He was kind enough to bring it across to my house first, and I accompanied him to the hen-house to see the end.

Whether this argument would actually have been employed or no must re-

main among the things that are hid. Because, after a hasty glance at the screws and strings, Chan the *Virtuous* demanded to know whether he was to be left for another night among the mosquitoes, and on receiving an emphatic assurance that he would be so left, without more ado he burst into tears and said, "Very well, everything I dare confess!" And gradually the story was told. He had taken the chalice and had sold it in a neighboring town. It was decided that his father, who was now elaborately shocked and scandalized, should go with the Chinese catechist and buy it back. So off they went. And now comes the weak part of my story.

There is no doubt that the unpunished lies we get from native witnesses in our courts, and the acquittal of the manifestly guilty by the favor of some legal quibble, do serve to bring our justice into contempt among the Chinese. So I wish that I could lend a more complete justification to the means of my friend the priest, by crowning the end with complete success. But I must admit that when the two men returned from the town, it was with empty hands. They declared that the man who bought the chalice had sold it away again for eleven dollars. The chalice was not worth much more; and if the whole story of the selling and reselling was a fabrication, backed up by the catechist with the laudable idea of getting the matter set at rest, still it was strong evidence that either the *Virtuous* or his father, or some one of the family, had committed or connived at the theft. But a jury would have liked to see the chalice.

At any rate, that was the way it ended. The old man, groaning heavily, produced eleven dollars wrapped in red paper and paid them to the priest, and Chan the *Virtuous* regained his liberty. Shaking the dust of the fowl-house from his feet, he limped away, and a few days afterwards disappeared from the neighborhood. I believe he was sent abroad by his family.

I have tried to give my reader in peep-

show fashion some glimpses of the life and thought of the poorer sort of Chinese. He will recognize in my rough pictures a hard-worked man, who would sooner have a bowl of salt cabbage with his rice than a vote, even if he could understand what that meant. Being used to guard his own interests, he will sometimes misunderstand and fail to appreciate the bristling array of orders, codes, and prohibitions which prevent him and his neighbor from doing that which seems good in their eyes. His idea of justice is something as far removed from this as it is from the corruption of the courts of his own country. A stern suppression of all overt breaches of the peace would best satisfy his ideal, with perhaps a frilling of "Tiger Majesty" to comfort his æsthetic longings. Given this true Queen's Peace, he would ask no more from us than he asks of his gods—a fair field, and then—to be let alone.

EDWARD A. IRVING.

From The Scottish Review.
MRS. OLIPHANT AND HER RIVALS

A sufficient time has elapsed since the death of the writer who was, perhaps, the most industrious of British literary workwomen during two generations, to permit, if not of such a critical judgment upon her labors as will fix her permanent position, at least of such an appraisal as will detect the element of immortality in her almost infinite variety. Many have been the judgments passed upon Mrs. Oliphant, but it may be doubted if any has come nearer the mark than the dictum that, had circumstances permitted her to devote herself exclusively to fiction and to perform even in that department only one-tenth of the labor she actually achieved, she could have produced, if not the best novel of our time, certainly the novel that is most typical of modern British society as a whole. This may seem at first sight what is vulgarly known as "a large

order." But when one recalls the different lines of fiction in which she excelled all but the greatest of her rivals, when one remembers that the patient delineator of clericalized English rural life in "The Chronicles of Carlingford" was also capable of the better than Kailyard pathos of "Katie Stewart," and of the Hardy-esque passion of "Kirsteen," when one thinks of the energy expended—it would be unjust to say wasted—on such works outside the field of fiction as her biographies of Edward Irving, Principal Tulloch, and Montalembert, her "Royal Edinburgh," and her "Makers of Florence," above all, when one tries to realize what might have been had the extraordinary imaginative power displayed in "Two Stories of the Seen and the Unseen" been diffused over a life's work, and from being a wandering voice become a pervading presence like Mr. Marlon Crawford's *diablerie*, or the fatalism which ennobles the peasantry of Wessex with the tragedy of the Æschylean drama, who can say that she might not have produced what would have been to British life in the second half of the nineteenth century what "Middlemarch" aimed at being, but somehow is not?

It may be said that the comparison involved in this suggestion, the making of which somehow seems inevitable, is unfortunate. It is quite true that Mrs. Oliphant had neither the piercing imagination, nor the almost too profound culture, of George Eliot. She could never have written that noble passage in which are embodied Dorothea Casaubon's first impressions of Rome. It is hardly possible to conceive of her representing Maggie Tulliver as relating the story of the earwig's domestic troubles to her cousin Lucy. Nor, had it come within her province to describe the appearance of Lawyer Dempster while mixing his third glass of brandy and water in the bar of the Red Lion at Melby, would it have occurred to her to have represented "the front part of his large surface" as "so well dredged with snuff that the cat, having inad-

vertently come near him, was seized with a severe fit of sneezing—an accident which, being cruelly misunderstood, caused her to be driven contumeliously from the bar." Her warmest admirers will allow that her slight efforts in the direction of historical romance were failures; she could never have given us a flesh-and-blood Savonarola. The question, however, is, could Mrs. Oliphant, had circumstances allowed her as much time to produce a novel as they allowed George Eliot, the only one of her female contemporaries, with the exception of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who can be named in the same breath with her, have given the world a book more realistic in the sense of being truer to life and society than her rival's most finished and elaborate performance? This question can best be answered by comparing the works of the two writers which are similar in scope and range of character—"The Scenes of Clerical Life" on the one side and "The Chronicles of Carlingford" on the other. It is a fashion with Elliotolaters to warmly praise the book by which their divinity made her first reputation; some go so far as to place it above "Adam Bede" and even above "Silas Marner" and "The Mill on the Floss." And yet the careful reader and impartial critic of "The Scenes," who will probably place it as a work of art immeasurably above books of the Kail-yard school, will admit that its chief strength is the same as theirs, that it is to be found in the power of moving to tears. Everybody that is superlatively good in "The Scenes," dies precisely as does everybody that is superlatively good in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush"—Mrs. Amos Barton, Mr. Gilfil's Tina, Mrs. Dempster's saviour, Mr. Tryon. Over the graves of the two first, at least, as many have wept as have found an abundance if not a surfeit of the luxury of woe in the return of Mr. Barrie's "Son of London" and the death of Ian Maclaren's "Lad o' Pairts." *Sunt lacrymarum rerum* is the "Register, Register, Register" of the novelist who seeks a large public. It is a quite legitimate trick of art, but it

is a trick all the same. Another trick of George Eliot's art is exemplified in "The Scenes"—that of getting into a corner or sitting down in an armchair, and making essentially masculine reflections on the changes effected, sometimes for the better but oftener for the worse, by the magic of time. I say "essentially masculine," for while it is quite impossible to conceive of the author of "Daniel Deronda" smoking a churchwarden and drinking gin and water—even Mr. Gilfil's modest dilution—in the orator's chair of a village inn, or at the bar of a country-town hostelry, the "philosophy" to give expression to which she so often steps aside from the straight road of her plot, as when she discourses on leisure in the beginning of "Adam Bede," is quite that of the male *laudator temporis acti* who looks at life through Thackerayan spectacles. Take, for example, this passage, which forms part of the overture to the "Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton:"—

Immense improvement! says the well-regulated mind, which unintermittingly rejoices in the New Police, the Tithe Commutation Act, the Penny Post, and all guarantees of human advancement, and has no moments when Conservative-reforming intellect takes a nap, while imagination does a little Toryism by the sly, revelling in regret that dear, old, brown, crumbling picturesque inefficiency is everywhere giving way to spick-and-span new-painted new-varnished efficiency, which will yield endless diagrams, plans, elevations, and sections, but alas! no picture. Mine, I fear, is not a well-regulated mind; it has an occasional tenderness for old abuses; it hungers with a certain fondness over the days of nasal clerks and top-booted parsons, and has a sigh for the departed shades of vulgar errors. So it is not surprising that I recall with a fond sadness Shepperton Church as it was in the old days, with its outer coat of rough stucco, its red-tiled roof, its heterogeneous windows patched with desultory bits of painted glass, and its little flight of steps with their wooden rail running up the outer wall, and leading to the school-children's gallery. Then inside what dear old quaintnesses! which I be-

gan to look at with delight, even when I was so crude a member of the congregation that my nurse found it necessary to provide for the reinforcement of my devotional patience by smuggling bread-and-butter into the sacred edifice. There was the chancel, guarded by two little cherubim, looking uncomfortably squeezed between arch and wall, and adorned with the escutcheons of the Oldinport family, which showed me inexhaustible possibilities of meaning in their blood-red hands, their death's-heads and cross-bones, their leopards' paws and Maltese crosses. There were inscriptions on the panels of the swinging-gallery telling of benefactions to the poor of Shepperton, with an involuted elegance of capitals and final flourishes, which my alphabetic erudition traced with ever-new delight. No benches in those days; but huge roomy pews round which devout church-goers sat during "lessons" trying to look anywhere else than into each other's eyes. No low partitions allowing you, with a dreary absence of contrast and mystery, to see everything at all moments; but tall dark panels, under whose shadow I sank with a sense of retirement through the Litany, only to feel with more intensity my burst into the conspicuousness of public life when I was made to stand up on the seat during the psalms or the singing.

There is no denying the cleverness and restfulness of this sort of writing. But it is essentially masculine, or at the best suggests a highly cultured woman playing very prettily with all her head, but not quite with all her heart, the part of the male lover of the past. Let it freely be allowed that Mrs. Oliphant, though she too can indulge in reflection and even preach a very good Scotch sermon, was incapable of this style of literary reverie, as incapable as was George Eliot herself of what a competent critic has termed "the delicate monotone of Jane Austen's novels with their smoothness of movement, their subtle delicacy of description, their avoidance of any touch of tragedy." Nor will the warmest admirer of Mrs. Oliphant deny that she was not steeped in the life of the country as was her great contemporary, and that she could not have written the

incomparable passage in which Mrs. Poyser and life at her farmhouse are introduced to us.

Plenty of life there! though this is the drowsiest time of the year, just before the hay-harvest; and it is the drowsiest time of the day too, for it is close upon three by the sun, and it is half past three by Mrs. Poyser's handsome eight-day clock. But there's always a stronger sense of life when the sun is brilliant after rain; and now he is pouring down his beams and making sparks among the wet straw, and lighting up every patch of vivid green moss on the red tiles of the cow-shed, and turning even the muddy water that is hurrying along the channel to the drain into a mirror for the yellow-billed ducks, who are seizing the opportunity of getting a drink with as much body in it as possible. There is quite a concert of noises; the great bull-dog, chained against the stables, is thrown into furious exasperation by the unwary approach of a cock too near the mouth of his kennel, and sends forth a thundering bark which is answered by two fox-hounds shut up in the opposite cow-house; the old top-knotted hens, scratching with their chicks among the straw, set up a sympathetic croaking as the discomfited cock joins them; a sow with her brood all very muddy at the legs, and curled as to the tail, throws in some deep staccato notes; our friends the calves are bleating from the same homecroft; and, under all, a fine ear discerns the continuous hum of human voices. . . . Everything was looking at its brightest at this moment, for the sun shone right on the pewter dishes, and from their reflecting surfaces pleasant jets of light were thrown on mellow oak and bright brass; and on a still pleasanter object than these; for some of the rays fell on Dinah's finely moulded cheek, and lit up her pale red hair to auburn, as she bent over the heavy household linen which she was mending for her aunt. No scene could have been more peaceful; if Mrs. Poyser, who was ironing a few things that still remained from the Monday's wash, had not been making frequent clinking with her iron, and moving to and fro whenever she wanted it to cool; carrying the keen glance of her blue-grey eye from the kitchen to the dairy, where Hetty was making up the butter, and from the dairy

to the back-kitchen, where Nancy was taking the pies out of the oven. Do not suppose, however, that Mrs. Poyser was elderly or shrewish in her appearance; she was a good-looking woman, not more than eight-and-thirty, of fair complexion and sandy hair, well-shapen, light-footed; the most conspicuous article in her attire was an ample, checkered linen apron, which almost covered her skirt; and nothing could be plainer or less noticeable than her cap and gown, for there was no weakness of which she was less tolerant than feminine vanity, and the preference of ornament to utility. The family likeness between her and her niece, Dinah Morris, with the contrast between her keenness and Dinah's seraphic gentleness of expression, might have served a painter as an excellent suggestion for a Martha and Mary.

No apology is needed for quoting this passage. It is the high-water mark of George Elliot's literary work; it is, perhaps, the high-water mark of "the graphic" in British prose fiction. Mrs. Oliphant could not have written such a passage, or even come near it. And yet, for the purposes of comparison, I quote the opening sentences of "The Perpetual Curate:"—

Carlingford is, as is well known, essentially a quiet place. There is no trade in the town, properly so called. To be sure, there are two or three small counting-houses at the other end of George Street, in that ambitious pile called Gresham Chambers; but the owners of these places live, as a general rule, in villas either detached or semi-detached in the North-end, the new quarter, which, as everybody knows, is a region totally unrepresented in society. In Carlingford proper, there is no trade, no manufactures, not anything in particular, except very pleasant parties and a superior class of people—a very superior class of people, indeed, to anything one expects to meet with in a country town, which is not even a county town, nor the seat of any particular interest. It is the boast of the place that it has no particular interest—not even a public school. For no reason in the world but because they like it, have so many nice people collected together in those pretty houses in Grange Lane, which is of course a very much higher tribute to the town

than if any special inducement had led them there. But in every community some centre of life is necessary. This point, round which everything centres, is, in Carlingford, found in the clergy. They are the administrators of the commonwealth, the only people who have defined and compulsory duties to give a sharp outline to life. Somehow this touch of necessity and business seems needful even in the most refined society; a man who is obliged to be somewhere at a certain time, and whose public duties are not volunteer proceedings but indispensable work, has a certain position of command among a leisurely and unoccupied community, not to say that it is a public boon to have some one whom everybody knows and can talk of. The minister in Salem Chapel was everything to his little world. That respectable connection would not have hung together half so closely but for this perpetual subject of discussion, criticism, and patronage; and to compare great things with small, society in Carlingford recognized in some degree the same human want. An enterprising or non-enterprising rector made all the difference in the world in Grange Lane; and in the absence of a rector that counted for anything (and poor Mr. Proctor was of no earthly use, as everybody knows), it followed, as a natural consequence, that a great deal of the interest and influence of the position fell into the hands of the curate of St. Roque's.

The dissimilarity between these two passages is almost painfully obvious. The one is instinct with the freedom and largeness of the country, which condemns to the simplest of lives, but permits of the richest of dreams. The other is full of the pettiness of the small town—that pettiness which crushes the soul, paralyzes the imagination, and dwarfs ambition. That George Elliot realized this pettiness is clear enough from her "Middlemarch," but she so shrank from it that she was incapable of doing justice to it; her characters soar above it. Mrs. Oliphant grasped the realities of Carlingford as George Elliot never grasped the realities of Middlemarch. But she was something more than a realist—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say

that she was a realist in the larger and truer sense. In the matter of fact—the boldly matter of fact—passage that I have quoted, she brings these ideals on the scene at once. They are concentrated in the clergy, whose mission, of course, it is to keep the flag of simple yet eternal truth flying above—yet not too much above—the heads of their flocks. In this lie the supreme charm and the true historical value of “Salem Chapel,” which, if not the most readable of “The Chronicles”—that distinction belongs to “Miss Marjoribanks”—is the truest to life. The vitality of this social sketch is to be found not in that delightful but not perfectly satisfactory vision, Lady Western, in the mysterious and too melodramatic Mrs. Hilyard, or in Adelaide Tufton, “pale spectator of a life with which she had nothing to do,” but in the Tozers. They are plain to vulgarity in their lives and their ideals. The blushing Phœbe is a trifle too willing to fall into the arms of Mr. Vincent; Mrs. Tozer is a trifle too ready to throw her there. Then look at the deacon himself, as he “sits in his little parlor on an October night looking over his greasy books, one of which lay open upon a little writing-desk, where a bundle of smaller ones, in red leather, with ‘Tozer, Cheesemonger,’ stamped upon them in gilt letters, lay waiting Phœbe’s arrival to be ‘made up.’” Trollope, or even Thackeray, could not have made a more complete exposure of what Matthew Arnold has termed “The hideousness and immense ennui of dissent,” than in this dialogue between Tozer and poor Vincent:—

“Three more pews applied for this morning—fifteen shillings in all,” said Mr. Tozer, “that’s what I call satisfactory, that is. We mustn’t let the steam go down—not on no account. You keep well at them of Sundays, Mr. Vincent, and trust to the managers, sir, to keep ’em up to their dooty. Me and Mr. Tufton was consulting the other day. He says as we oughtn’t to spare you, and you oughtn’t to spare yourself. There hasn’t been such an opening not in our connection for fifteen years. We all look to you to go into it, Mr. Vincent. If all goes as I expect,

and you keep up as you’re doing, I see no reason why we shouldn’t be able to put another fifty to the salary next year.”

“Oh!” said poor Vincent, with a miserable face. He had been rather pleased to hear about the “opening,” but this matter-of-fact encouragement and stimulus threw him back into dismay and disgust.

“Yes,” said the deacon, “though I wouldn’t advise you, as a young man settin’ out in life, to calculate upon it, yet we all think it more than likely; but if you was to ask my advice, I’d say to give it ’em a little more plain—meaning the church folks. It’s expected of a new man. I’d touch ’em up in the State Church line, Mr. Vincent, if I was you. Give us a coorse upon the anomalies and that sort of thing—the bishops in their palaces, and the fisherman as was the start of it all; there’s a deal to be done in that way. It always tells; and my opinion is as you might secure the most part of the young men and thinkers, and them as can see what’s what, if you lay it on pretty strong. Not,” added the deacon, remembering in time to add that necessary salve to the conscience, “not as I would have you neglect what’s more important; but after all, what *is* more important, Mr. Vincent, than freedom of opinion and choosing your own religious teacher? You can’t put Gospel truth in a man’s mind till you’ve freed him out of them bonds. It stands to reason, as long as he believes just what he’s told, and has it all made out for him the very words he’s to pray, there may be feelin’, sir, but there can’t be no spiritual understandin’ in that man.”

And again:—

“I am very partial to your style, Mr. Vincent; there’s just one thing I’d like to observe, sir, if you’ll excuse me. I’d give ’em a coorse; there’s nothing takes like a coorse in our connection. Whether it’s on a chapter or a book of Scripture, or on a pertiklar doctrine, I’d make a pint of giving ’em a coorse if it was me. There was Mr. Bailey of Parson’s Green, as was so popular before he married, he had a historical coorse in the evenings, and a coorse upon the eighth of Romans in the morning; and it was astonishing to see how they took.”

There is no question whatever as to the relentless cleverness of all this.

Had Mrs. Oliphant's object been not to draw a picture of a particular phase of life in Carlingford, but to present what would have been regarded as a clever caricature of the more ignoble features of nonconformity, she could not have succeeded better. But she would have been untrue to life and disloyal to her art, had she not reproduced the simple goodness that shines through and redeems the vulgarity—which is on the whole objective rather than subjective—of the Tozers. Phoebe thinks none the worse of Mr. Vincent because her charms fail to adequately impress him, and even her mother bears no malice. As for Tozer, he transcends himself in that truly masterly oration in which he not only defends Mr. Vincent against the foes of his own household who have gossiped about and watched and suspected him until he finds his position intolerable, but reveals himself as the most sarcastic critic of "chapel" weaknesses.

It's the way of some folks in our connection, ladies and gentlemen; a minister ain't to be allowed to go on building up a chapel and making hisself useful in the world. He ain't to be left alone to do his dooty as his best friends approve. He's to be took down out of his pulpit, and took to pieces behind his back, and made a talk and a scandal of to the whole connection. It's not his preaching as he's judged by, nor his dooty to the sick and dyin', nor any of them things as he was called to be pastor for; but it's if he's seen going to one house more nor another, or if he culls often enough on this one or t'other, and goes to all the ten-drinkings.

Mrs. Oliphant here reveals herself as a realist in a true and complete sense. She does ample justice to the weaknesses of Dissent in Salem Chapel, just as she does ample justice to the possibly less angular and obtrusive, but equally indubitable weaknesses of Anglicanism. But she also reproduces without unduly emphasizing the unquestionable if conventional goodness which atones for and redeems these weaknesses. The sore-tried Wentworth, the perplexed Morgan, and the embarrassed Proctor, are invariably

equal to the duty, even to the duty of self-effacement, that lies nearest to them, and are as real, if not quite as enjoyable, as Tozer.

Beyond all question, the best, or at all events most emphatically classical work of Mrs. Oliphant, is to be found in her "*Chronicles of Carlingford*." They give the best pictures of English clericalized society that have ever been drawn. For although Bishop and Mrs. Prowdie in the rival "*Chronicles of Barset*" are as good photographs, and in every way as real as the Tozers, a fire of genuine religious conviction is to be found in the best of Mrs. Oliphant's characters which was foreign to Trollope's "purpose" and decidedly alien to his art. But there is also in them a fire of a totally different kind—the fire of youth, of strong will, of honest indignation, of what we rather helplessly style "character." Mr. Wentworth in "*The Perpetual Curate*" and Mr. Vincent in "*Salem Chapel*," are quite as capable of getting into a healthy temper as Mr. Tozer. Take Nettle, the pretty, piquant Australian who figures in "*The Doctor's Family*," which is perhaps the most finished of all the Carlingford "*Chronicles*." She is in a flame all over the stage, and it is impossible not to sympathize alike with her contempt for her weak and grumbling sister and with her anger at that sister's hopelessly indolent and self-indulgent husband. It is her spirit which makes her a better wife for Edward Rider than Lucy Wodehouse, or even the incomparable Lucilla Marjoribanks herself. I say "incomparable" advisedly, for I am quite certain that in the whole range not only of Mrs. Oliphant's works but of the British fiction of two generations, there is not a closer approach to "the perfect woman nobly planned" than Miss Marjoribanks. In some of her qualities, and in certain even of the possibilities open to her, she recalls Mrs. Humphrey Ward's Marcella. But how pale and unsatisfactory and in every way ineffectual is the creation of the younger artist beside that of the elder and earlier! No doubt Luella's most radiant

male admirers must feel some disappointment that "in the end it is to be Tom after all," and that she who "might have done ever so much better," should not only be in the end married to, but be in a sense dependent on her cousin. But there is at least poetic justice in the final arrangements of her life which take her from Carlingford to Marchbank:—

It was but the natural culmination of her career that transferred her from the town to the country, and held out to her the glorious task of serving her generation in a twofold way, among the poor and among the rich. If a momentary sigh for Grange Lane, which was about to lose her, breathed from her lips, it was sweetened by a smile of satisfaction for the country which was about to gain her. The lighter preface of life was past, and Lucilla had the comfort of feeling that its course had been full of benefit to her fellow-creatures; and now a larger sphere opened before her feet, and Miss Marjoribanks felt that the arrangements of Providence were on the whole full of discrimination, and all was best, and she had not lived in vain.

The time is not far distant, if indeed it has not already arrived, when the historian of this country who takes a genuine and not a merely superficial interest in the sociological department of his subject, will seek in novels as in newspapers—and novels and newspapers between them constitute literature in the eyes of more than a moiety of the British population—for a picture of the times of which he treats. In the eyes of such a historian books like the "Chronicles of Carlingford" series are of greater value than those of Thomas Hardy and George Meredith. Both the world of Thomas Hardy and the world of George Meredith are brighter and fairer than Mrs. Oliphant's; they are inhabited by diviner women and more capable, or at least (to use a now hopelessly vulgarized phrase) more Napoleonic men. She has not given us a Bathsheba Everdene or a Lucy Feverel, a Clym Yeobright or the conqueror of Diana of the Crossways. But her world is peopled with real men and

women, those folk whose hearts may be in Philistia, and who may be governed not by ideas but by traditions to which time has given a certain consecration, but who perform nine-tenths of the work of the world. Regarded from the standpoint of reality and comprehensiveness, Mrs. Oliphant's works will constitute a valuable mine to the sociologist in search of genuinely "human documents," a mine to which nothing, not even the stories of Anthony Trollope, one of her earlier contemporaries, can be compared. Her mantle seems to have fallen on Mr. Norris, in whose best works modern seaside and holiday life is presented with a fidelity to truth that is not diminished by its association with gently Thackerayan satire. But Mr. Norris has not yet migrated from Torquay to Carlingford; he has yet produced a Tozer.

But Mrs. Oliphant was a Scots-woman, and an intensely patriotic Scotswoman of that old fashioned conservative—in regards religious and moral questions eminently conservative—type which is generally associated less with the moist and fervid West than with the bracing and biting East, and above all with the Kingdom of Fife. Many of her best stories—too many indeed to be mentioned—deal with various phases of Scotch life. What then is her position among Scotch novelists? In this case, as in that of her position among delineators of English life, it is necessary to indicate her limitations by contrasting her with those writers who will naturally be mentioned in the same breath with her. Some of her best Scotch types are suggestive of Galt. Her "Margaret Maitland," which many critics regard as the greatest of her purely Scotch stories, is admittedly an imitation of the work and method of the author of "The Ayrshire Legatees" and "The Entail," and, as a representation of the period when "Non-Intrusion" feeling ran high, it is admirable. But neither Mrs. Oliphant nor any other writer of Scotch fiction, not even Sir Walter himself, has immortalized certain out-

standing features in our national character as Galt has done, has given us such a portrait of the worldly, but neither indolent nor ungenial Scotch minister of the old school as Mr. Balwhidder, or has reproduced municipal selfishness tempered by good nature so well as in Provost Pawkie, or has so effectually represented the bright side of Sir Pertinax Macsycophancy as in Sir Andrew Wyllie. Mrs. Oliphant has drawn many delightful Scotch gentlewomen, although I agree with a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* that her Scotch servants are conventional; but she had not Miss Ferrier's perfect knowledge of the old Scots—not merely Scottish much less Scotch—lady of quality and character. Her world is a much larger one than Mr. Black's; but she never wrote such an exquisite idyll in the true sense, as "A Daughter of Heih." She has not what Mrs. Ward has termed "the golden art of Mr. Stevenson." As Sir Walter was often slovenly, she was often dowdy, in style. She has not Mr. Barrie's miraculous insight into that hereditary saintliness which is to be found in the descendants of those on whom "Calvinism" has held the strong hand of its purity; she has neither the humor nor the pathos of "A Window in Thrums." It must be allowed also that some of her most ambitious Scotch stories are but ambitious failures. A number of her books, of which "The Railway Man and His Children" is perhaps the latest, but is not quite the worst, are simply to be regarded as conclusive evidence that Mrs. Oliphant perceived that middle Scotch life as it is lived in those crowded modern cities of which Glasgow is at once the model and flagrant example, is a field that has yet to be worked by the novelist, and that she was incapable of working it. But when all this has been conceded, it must also be said of Mrs. Oliphant, if regard be had at once to the range of her subjects, to the reality of her characters, and to her artistic loyalty to the ideas which she found underlying the mere moral weaknesses of the men and women she has introduced the pub-

lic to, that she is the greatest Scottish novelist that has appeared since the death of Scott. She may not have added an Alan Breck or a Master of Ballantrae, a Tammas Haggart or a Hendry M'Quhumpha, or even a Whaup to the gallery of Scottish character in fiction. But her lairds, her ministers—though she has never produced quite so good and finished a sketch as Ian Maclaren's Dr. Davidson of Drumtochty—her self-made men, her wives and mothers quite as devoted as George Elliot's "Mrs. Amos Barton," but endowed with a healthy amount of "temper," her innumerable girls, at once sweet and spirited, who are in training to take the places of these wives and mothers, represent Scottish life in its breadth and character in its depth with a completeness which cannot be claimed for any other writer during the last fifty years. Mrs. Oliphant had none of the power possessed both by Mr. Barrie and Mr. Stevenson, of "realizing" an episode or a character in a phrase. She required elbow-room. But when she permitted herself scope she could reproduce the angularities, the contradictions, above all the almost Pagan "throwiness" of the best Scottish characters in all their perfection. Take the following—it is impossible to do justice to Mrs. Oliphant except by quotation—from one of her shorter and least pretentious stories. Young John Rintoul brings the news of the drowning of his father to his home circle:—

"The sloop's gone down atween this and St. Minan's; they've never been heard tell of in Anster. I found a bit of the wreck on the shore—ye a' mind it; and there's no anither token of them, man or boat, except at the bottom o' the sea!"

John's hoarse breathless whisper was broken by a scream—it was but Euphie, who had in this intimation only a great shock, but scarcely any bereavement; and on his disengaged arm Allie Rintoul laid a savage grasp, gripping him like a tiger—"Say it's a lee—say it's a story you've made—and I'll no curse ye, John Rintoul!"

But Kirsteen Beatoun said not a word.

Her eyes turned upon her son with a vacant stare, and her fingers kept opening and shutting with a strange idiotic motion; then, suddenly starting, she lifted up her hands, and bent her cowering head under their shadow, pressing her fingers over the eyes which would not close. John made no answer to the fierce question of his aunt—said nothing to soothe the terror of Euphie; his whole attention was given to his mother.

There was a solemn pause—for even Ailie did not venture to speak now, till the wife and mother, doubly bereaved, had wakened from her stupor—and nothing but the low moans and sobs of Euphie disturbed the silence. It was but momentary, for they woke the stunned heart of Kirsteen, and roused her to know her grief.

"Comfort the bit poor thing, John—comfort her," said his mother, suddenly; "for she has her prop and her staff left to her, and has never heard the foot of deadly sorrow a' her days. The auld man and Patie—baith gane—a' gane—I ken it's true—I'm assured in my mind it's true; but I've nae feeling o't, man—nae feeling o't—na mair than could iron or stane."

And with a pitiful smile quivering upon her lips, and her eye gleaming dry and tearless, Kirsteen turned to pace up and down the little apartment. Strangely different in the first effort of her scarcely less intense grief, Ailie Rintoul turned now fiercely upon John:—

"Have ye nae mair proof but this? A wave might wrench away a companion-door that wouldna founder a sloop—are ye gaun to be content with this, John Rintoul? He's gane through as mony storms as there's grey hairs on his head—and ilka aye of them is numbered. Am I to believe the Lord would forsake His ain? I tell ye ye're wrang—ye're a' wrang—I'll never believe it. He may be driven out a hundred mile, or stranded on a desolate place, or ta'en refuge, or fechtin' on the sea; but ye needna tell me—I ken—I ken—I'll believe ye the Judgment's to be the morn, afore I believe my brother's lost."

Hot tears blinded Ailie's eyes, and all the stiff sedateness of her mien had vanished in the wild gestures with which these words hurried from her lips; she paused at length, worn out and trembling with feverish excitement, and turned to

the window to look out on the sea. John, still more completely exhausted, and lost in the deep hopeless despondency which had now succeeded to the first impatience of grief, stood at the table silent and unresponsive still; and the slow, heavy footsteps of Kirsteen Beaton sounded through the room like a knell.

"And it was for this ye minded of the bairns! Oh, John, my man, my man! and it was for this the Lord warned ye with a sight of them, and put dark words in your mouth, that I kent nae meaning to! No, Ailie, no lost: blessings on him where he is, where nae blessings fail! I never had dread nor doubt before, but put him freely in the Lord's hand to come and gang at His good pleasure—and he came like the day, and gae'd like the night, as constant, serving his Maker. He's won hame at last—and the Lord help me for a puir desolate creature, that am past kenning what my trouble is. Patie, too: bairns—bairns, ye needna think me hard-hearted because I canna greet—but it's a' cauld, cauld, like the blast that cast our boat away."

And the poor widow leaned upon the wall, and struggled with some hard, dry, gasping sobs; but no tears came to soften the misery in her eyes.

Agnes was cowering in a corner, like one who shrinks from a great blow; Euphie wept and lamented passionately and aloud—she felt the stroke so much the least of all.

Here, as in the tragedy of the Mucklebackits, and what Arnold would have termed "the intolerable pathos" of the Kailyard, we have a revelation of Scotch "humble" life in its complexity, its strength, its impotent resistance and final submission to the Divine will. Take, again, the following very different passage from "Kirsteen." Kirsteen Douglas, the daughter of Drumcarro, the savage West Highland laird who has been a slave-driver in the West Indies, and who, in a moment of rage, has killed the young patrician Don Juan, whom he has found trying to persuade his youngest daughter to elope with him, is sent for by him on his death-bed, to help him to buy a property adjoining his own, although she has "disgraced"

him by becoming a mantua maker in London:—

"Well," he said, with a slight appearance of embarrassment and a wave of his head, "here's just an opportunity. I have not the means of my own self. I would just have to sit and grin in this corner, where a severe Providence has thrown me, and see it go—to another of those damned Campbells, little doubt of that."

"What is it?" she said. Kirsteen had lifted her head too, like a horse scenting the battle from afar. She had not her father's hatred of his hereditary foes, but there was a fine strain of tradition in Kirsteen's veins.

"It's just Rosseraig—our own land, that's been in the Douglas name for hundreds of years, and out of it since attainer. I would be ready to depart in peace if I had it back."

Kirsteen's eyes flashed in response. "If it's possible—but they will want a great sum for Rosseraig."

"Possible!" he cried with furious impatience. "How dare ye beguile me with your offer, if it's only to think of what's possible? I can do that myself. Does one of your name condescend to a dirty trade, and serve women that are not fit to tie a Douglas's shoe, and then come to me and talk of what's possible? If that's all, give up your mantua-making and your trading that's a disgrace to your family, and come back and look after the house, which will set you better. Possible!" he cried, the fire flying from his eyes and the foam from his mouth. "For what do you demean yourself—and me to permit it—if it's no possible?" He came to the end on a high note, with the sharpness of indignant passion in his voice.

Kirsteen had followed every word with a kindling countenance, with responsive flame in her eyes. "Ye speak justly," she said, with a little heaving of her breast. "For them to whom it's natural a little may suffice. But I that do it against nature am bound to a different end." She paused a little, thinking; then raised her head. "It shall be possible," she said.

He held out his thin and trembling fingers, which were like eagle's claws.

"Your hand upon it," he cried. The hot clutch made Kirsteen start and shiver. He dropped her hand with an excited laugh. "That's the first bargain," he said, "was ever made between father and

child to the father's advantage—at least, in this house. And a lass,—and all my fine lads that I sent out for honor and for gain." He leant back on his pillows with feeble sobs of sound, the penalty of his excitement. "Not for me," he said, "not for me, though I would be the first—but for the auld name, that was once so great."

Kirsteen unfolded the paper tremulously, with tears lingering on her eyelashes. "Father, if ye will look here—"

"So away with your news and your follies," he said roughly. "You think much of your London town and your great world, as ye call it, but I think more of my forbears' name and the lands they had, and to bring to confusion a false race, Kirsteen," he put out his hand again, and drew her close to the bedside, clutching her arm. "I'll tell you a thing I've told nobody. It was me that did it. I just took and threw him down the linn. Me an old man, him a young one, and as false as hell. He was like the serpent at that bairn's lug; and I just took him by the scruff of the neck. My hand's never got the better of it," he added, thrusting her away suddenly, and looking at his right hand, blowing upon it as if to remove the stiffness of the strain.

"Father!" Kirsteen cried, with subdued horror, "what was it you did?"

He chuckled with sounds of laughter that seemed to dislocate his throat. "I took him by the scruff of the neck—I never thought I would have had the strength. It was just passion. The Douglasses have that in them; they're wild when they're roused. I took him by the scruff of the neck. He never made a struggle. I know nothing more about it, if he was living or dead."

"Ye killed him!" cried Kirsteen with terror. "Oh, it's no possible!"

"There ye are with your possibles again. It's just very possible when a man's blood's up. He's not the first," he said, in a low tone, turning his face to the wall. He lay muttering there for some time words of which Kirsteen could only hear, "the scruff of the neck," "no struggle," "it's hurt my hand, though," till in the recoil from his excitement Drumcarro fell fast asleep and remembered no more.

Here we have "elemental passion"—and elemental Scottish passion—with a vengeance. That Mrs. Oliphant, so

fond of good-natured fathers and gentle hard-worked mothers as often as not with a tear in the eye should have given two such pictures of Scottish diabolism and moral decadence as Drumcarro—who is more real than Stevenson's Master of Ballantrae—and Lord Lindores, whose moral ruin it effected by his accession to an estate, is one of the most notable of her achievements, another evidence of what she might have done, had circumstances allowed her to write but one-tenth of what she has written. Even as a Scotch novelist Mrs. Oliphant had her limitations. One of these has been indicated by a critic who has written of her with personal knowledge and who says: "That the whole bent of her opinion was Conservative is manifest enough, and her code of ethics was as old-fashioned as the Ten Commandments. She was too wise to believe in panaceas for the distemperature of mankind, or to suppose that human nature could be revolutionized by the invention of a taking formula or the turning of a felicitous phrase." Mrs. Oliphant's conservatism gives strength to a great number of her characters; the best of them are those she herself liked best, because they are in favor of the old order in morals and the conduct of private life, if not in politics and the government of society. But it has also limited her range. As I have already said, she has not succeeded in entering into the life of the Scottish *bourgeoisie* as it is to be found in the commercial cities. Probably she detested the vulgarity so commonly associated with that pursuit of wealth which is the leading aim of the wealthier section of such *bourgeoisie*. It is quite certain that for æsthetic reasons she shrunk from entering into and reproducing the moral and physical squalor of the slums that are the pulvis of wealth in cities. And although she admired and defended Burns, it may be doubted whether her attitude towards the Scottish peasantry was not to some extent that of kindly patronage rather than of thorough-going sympathy. Such of them as respect and

follow their "betters," as walk in the old paths of decorum and devoutness, she admires and has drawn with a loving as well as artistic hand. But she could not understand, much less approve, of latter-day democratic aspirations. She had an impatient horror of that unlovely aspect of Scottish village life which is best known to members of Kirk Sessions. She was a realist, but there are depths of reality which she refused even to attempt to fathom, to her own loss and her public's. For she thus failed to discover that soul of goodness which is to be found in the most squalid environment.

The leading defects of Mrs. Oliphant as a novelist flow very readily indeed off tongue and pen. She was not a great "stylist" in any sense of that much abused word. She could not write like Stevenson, or even like Mrs. Humphrey Ward at her best, as in "Robert Elsmere." She was not a puissant genius like Dickens. She had not Thackeray's insight into the seamy side of character. As a contriver of plots and "strong situations" she was hopelessly behind many even among her second-rate contemporaries, like Miss Braddon and Wilkie Collins; indeed, it is so much to the credit of Mrs. Oliphant that she is popular in spite of her inability to make a plot. To her was not entrusted, as to Mr. Hardy and Mr. Meredith, the divine Shakespearian mission of portraying beings that never lived on earth, but will live forever. Yet when this is conceded, it must also be conceded that for variety of character and within certain limits clearly defined by the range both of her experiences and her sympathies, for fidelity to fact, she is surpassed by none of her contemporaries. She is the first of Scottish romancists since Scott. Among British novelists of the Victorian era, she occupies the first place in the second rank; or, if some one must be bracketed equal with her, it is Anthony Trollope. Above all things she appears in her life, as in her work, a good and infinitely industrious woman, performing hard work unrepiningly under very

unfavorable circumstances, and trying to make the world around her brighter—and better because brighter.

AN OLD PERSONAL FRIEND.

From Temple Bar.
LOUEY.

(A SKETCH.)

"A soul that was starving in darkness."

Up and down the steep monotonous road, three times a day, summer and winter, through storm and sunlight, from the distant mine to the coal-yard in the town—tramping sulkily along by the side of the stumbling, panting, overladen donkey—and this is life!—life, or at least the existence by that name, as it fell to the lot of Louisa Black—Black Louey, as she was commonly called, even in the dingy, disreputable quarter where she made her "home."

She might have been seventeen or eighteen years of age, her figure prematurely bent with stooping to load the ramshackled old cart, her gait a sort of slouching swing, her face, to which the mere slightness of youth seemed wanting, at once stony and defiant, bold and expressionless. Not a charming portrait by any means, and yet true to the life. And every inch of her was grimed with coal-dust, from the battered old hat that was flung on the tangled, unsightly mat of hair, to the shambling old boots, at least three sizes too big for her, revealing through their cracks glimpses of stockings which had once been white, but which were now a fashionable black of the deepest dye. Black the tattered shawl round her neck, black the ragged gown that seemed to perpetuate its existence from year to year, never any different in shape, or color, or general dilapidation. It was only in the coarse dirty aprons, that for some strange reason she always wore (though the dress beneath them was invariably in too hopeless a state to need any protection), that Louey ever made any change in her attire. Sometimes it was a rough canvas that she pinned round her, some-

times a striped calico or print, but whatever it was it was always dimmed to the same hue as everything else about her. No one had ever seen her with anything clean on, not even on Sundays.

The coal-dust had got into everything—into her hair, into her skin, so that it was hopeless to conjecture what the original complexion of either might have been. Into her eyes, darkening their expression to a dull yet sullen vacancy. Nay, into the girl's very soul it seemed, to judge from the rough language with which she greeted the world in general, and her four-footed companion in particular.

In the winter months, as she trudged along through the mud and snow, an old pilot coat wrapped round her, and a boy's cloth cap on her head, it was difficult to tell whether she were man or woman; and it needed only the short clay pipe, without which your true Black Countryman cannot endure existence, to match her with the roughest of the lads and men that frequented the mine. Indeed, in some respects, some of them might have contrasted favorably with her for gentleness, when she was in one of her worst moods.

There was something much more human about Peter the donkey. Years of hard work, short commons, and ill-treatment had not altogether broken his spirit. His patient eyes still looked out on the world with a wistful appeal for kindness; and a rough caress from one of the children, an unexpected carrot, or the joy of a specially juicy thistle, were quite enough to make him in high spirits, and he would rattle along with the empty cart quite gaily, in spite of his owner's tugs and remonstrances at his general "pig-headedness" for running when there was no need, and lagging behind when there was work to be done. It was one of the dark features in this dark and stunted nature that, although they had run in harness together year after year, the girl never softened to her furry companion. She fed him, indeed, but that was that he might do his work, but she never gave him a word of kind-

ness. Any pat or stroke he got was never from her, and if by chance he would put his soft nose and rub against her hand, he might think himself lucky if it was not struck aside with an angry blow.

Such was our heroine: a problem, a sorrow, to every thoughtful soul that crossed her path. A puzzle, even, to the rough crew among whom her lot was cast—so greatly did her life exaggerate the sordid, narrow, joyless gloom that marked so much of their own existence. Who, or what she was, or where she came from, no one exactly knew. She had come among them a child of about twelve years old, and had hired herself out to one of the smaller coal-dealers of the town, for whom she still worked, though now on more equal terms, for the donkey was her own, bought with her earnings, and it was even rumored that some day she meant to set up in business for herself.

With these people she lodged, but Joseph Maloney and his wife could have told you nothing more about her than their neighbors. Of her past life she never spoke, and invariably answered to any inquiry in the same formula: "Don't remember." "Childhood? Never was a child that I recollect; guess I was born old." And, indeed, those who were curious enough to question her closely, generally came to the conclusion that the girl's mind was really as blank as her face, and that, as she said, she had "never known nothing different," or else that the dull round of the years had effaced all memory of it. Except for her language, which was rather the current coin of the place in which she lived than any conscious acquisition of evil, there was nothing that could be called positively bad in Black Louey. She was honest, her employer said, and she was certainly hardworking, but apart from these qualities she seemed a mere automaton. She made no friends, talked but little, laughed less, and went about her duties in apathetic indifference to all that went on around her.

The big lads of — Street never thought of courting Black Louey. Not

that she was worse looking, scarcely untidier than her girl companions, but there was something about her that kept them at arm's length, and made them feel that, in her own phrase, she must be "let to go her own road." And her own road she went, unshared by any for love or hate. No tired mother ever asked her to "catch hold of the baby," while she rested for a moment, and none of the little children hung round her, or came to her to be comforted or played with. The girls about her never asked Louey's advice as to some bit of finery, or to settle the knotty point as to whether it was luckier to be married at "Easter or Whitsun." The rough men and women gave her a wide berth, though she never quarrelled with any of them. She never gossiped, never grumbled, asked and gave sympathy to none, and lived through her days, as it seemed, a merely mechanical existence, without a thought or a hope beyond, without a wish or an emotion of any kind, until one could not but wonder whether, even in the matter of soul, Peter the donkey had not the best of it.

Had she a soul at all? or had it somehow been mysteriously left out of her? Had she a heart—a mind—anything to be worked on? Had she ever been young?—would she ever grow old?

With such questions as these the fair-haired young curate of St. Nicholas's found himself assailed as he sat on the edge of a vegetable barrow one summer evening in — Street, and attempted the difficult, nay, almost impossible, task of getting into conversation with Black Louey, who, her day's work over, was lounging outside Maloney's door, staring vacantly into space, and paying no heed to the young man whatever.

He was new to his work and very much in earnest. He had seen this girl toiling about the roads, and she had given him a severe mental shock, although he was growing but too sadly used to be brought face to face with sorrow, and poverty, and sin. It was the *non-likeness* of the girl that so appalled him, and the more he saw of her the more he realized it. Could she

feel? Had she ever felt anything, mental or otherwise? Could that stolid face ever change in expression? Surely no mask ever so completely concealed the masker's features as those stony eyes of hers the soul within. But was there a soul within? He was trying his hardest to-night to draw her out, but it seemed as hopeless as ever.

"Yours must be a hard life in winter," he said, by way of saying something.

"Happen it is!" she rejoined curtly.

"But in summer days like this it's better." And then feeling he was not progressing brilliantly, he added hastily: "Don't you enjoy the sunshine? Have you ever thought what a clean thing sunshine is, even in this black place?"

"No." For he paused as if expecting an answer.

"Haven't you? I should have thought in work like yours—" And then, afraid of touching on too delicate ground, he changed the subject, hurriedly observing:—

"That's a nice donkey of yours. It is your own, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose you're quite fond of him?"

"No."

"Well, I should have thought you would be, as he belongs to you; shares all your work, and all that sort of thing."

Fond of a beast! A vague sense of surprise and contempt crossed the girl's mind, but the face revealed nothing, so he tried again.

"He's a nice little fellow, too, isn't he?"

"He's not worse than the rest," was the dull rejoinder.

"Perhaps you don't care for animals?" continued the young man politely. "You are fonder, no doubt, of people?"

How he did harp on the same string, this strange young parson! What did he want sitting there and "jawing" about fondness and such rubbish? Louey felt as if she must finish him off somehow.

"I never was fond of nothing nor no one," she said conclusively.

"What! not even of your mother?" exclaimed her hearer.

"Never had one that I knows on, nor father neither."

"But you must have loved someone, sometime."

"Not I! Look here, parson, how d'ye do it?"

Was there just a gleam of inquiry in the dull eyes? A great rush of compassion filled the young fellow's heart, he left off making conversation, and began to speak of deeper things, trying to put into simple words what was to him the meaning of life—the loving and being loved—the Divine and human love, the one deathless thing in a dying world.

God, Christ, heaven—what were they but meaningless phrases! Of what possible concern were they of hers!

"I don't drink, master," she remarked, as the young man paused, out of breath. He stared in amazement, as well he might.

"Yo' talk like the Salvation folk, when they wants to keep the men from the public-house. They be the same words, but yo' needn't talk so to me, I want none of it."

Francis Clifford stared again, still more sick at heart. Was it only to this the Sacred Name had come—a thing to scare men with!

"But, Louey," he said pleadingly, "you do know something about God?"

"I've heard on Him, but I never see Him nowhere."

"But you know that He made you."

"T'wan't much to do!"

Again there was an awkward silence, and then the street being by this time nearly deserted, save for a child or two crawling in the gutter, the young man began again. This time he told the marvellous "Old, old Story,"—painting with such simple skill as he might the great mystery of Divine love—the story of the Cross and Resurrection—the Love that loved us unto death.

Not a quiver of emotion, not a glance of interest even, passed over the gloomy face opposite to him. Only when he had finished the girl said sullenly:—

"Yes, I've heard it before; maybe it's

true, maybe it isn't, but I didn't want Him to go for to do it. I don't seek to be obliged to no one. Yo' mean it well, master, and I suppose it's parson's work, as coals is mine. 'Tis well enough for the likes of you, and it makes a pretty tale—but it isn't nothing to me."

And then, as if determined to have no more preaching that night, she rose quickly and went into the house, and the curate too rose and went his way sadly discouraged.

"Is it nothing to you, all ye who pass by?" A drunken man reeled across his path as he went, a little child picked up a heavy stone and flung it at another, a crowd was gathering at the end of the street where two women were fighting. He had seen it all before fifty times, but to-night it struck him with a fresh pain and horror. It was nothing to them, this brawling half-savage crew—was it any wonder it was nothing to her, this girl who had never caught a glimpse of anything beyond! There were decent people here and there among them, he knew, here and there instances of courage and patience and devotion that struck the darkness like shafts of sunlight, redeeming and purifying the wilderness of these close courts and alleys; but to-night it was the blackest side of things that pressed upon him. Born and bred in it, homeless, kinless, untaught, after all was it any marvel that to this girl all the mystery of being, all God's work in her creation, preservation, and redemption, should seem but as an idle tale that didn't "amount to much"?

And then, as he could do nothing else for her, had been able to do nothing, he said a prayer for her as he went his way, more than ever eager to be about his Master's business, and more than ever humbled and burdened with a sense of his own inefficiency.

So that if he had done nothing for her, she had done something for him, and his prayer returned with blessing into his own bosom.

But was it nothing? Nothing that he or she knew; yet it was the first time that any one that she could remember

had ever shown a personal interest in her. Sunday-schools, clergy-folk, mission-teachers, she had given them a wide berth even as a child. But this man had begun with herself, not her soul, and she had a vague sense that he had spoken just as courteously as he would to any of the fine ladies who went to hear him of a Sunday. She found herself thinking of him as she trudged along by her cart next day—if the vague, shadowy images flitting disconnectedly through her brain can be called thought. What a lot of nonsense he had talked, to be sure, and yet he seemed to think it had as much to do with her as with him! A fine sight she would be in the heavenly streets with her black face and grimy clothes, fit to scare the angels, if there were any! 'Twas well enough for the likes of him, with his white hands and fine manners and soft voice, but how would he like it if he had to sit next to her in the singing rows that the "Army" man talked of. And a very grim smile passed across her face at the utter folly of it. Yet there was a sense of pain, a dawning rebellion at the incongruity, under her mirth, that was in itself a hopeful sign. The first faint quiver of a life that might grow and strengthen, or go out again, leaving the deadness more complete than before. But it was life.

Another time she found herself pondering in the same confused way over what he had said of the nobleness of living and the beauty of love. To eat, to sleep, to work, to live out so many days and months and years, and then to die and be buried out of sight, and the whole thing over and done with. What was there so very fine in all this; and as for love, who had ever loved her, and what was there that was worth loving? The man was clean daft, for he had talked of being fond of the donkey! An obstinate, ill-mannered, slip-footed, senseless beast of a donkey! It was certain he must be half-witted to think of such a thing!

Yet more by an instinct, as it were, than by any conscious process of logic, she began about this time to soften somewhat towards the offending Peter

—to use her heavy stick less frequently; and if she made up for it by a double amount of forcible language, hard words, as that sagacious animal joyfully remarked to himself, break no bones!

Surely the leaven was working, if as yet there was little to show for it. And although, perhaps, it was the kind tone, the gentle manner of the young preacher rather than the mighty truth he tried to teach that had had the effect on her, yet there was a difference somewhere; something in that frozen nature was stirring, for good or ill.

The neighbors saw no alteration in Black Louey—she was just as black, as rough in manner, and surly of speech as ever. The curate himself, as he came across her from time to time and had his little one-sided talk, could not see that he was making the least headway, and always returned foiled and baffled and blaming himself for his own impotence, for this strange, anomalous, stunted life seemed to appeal to him unconsciously with a great cry for help—help he knew not how to give.

And the girl herself knew nothing of any change; how should she know that this vague unrest, these dim floating thoughts, this odd pain that would come into her heart when the day was unusually bright or unusually wretched, this strange sense of dissatisfaction—how should she guess that the Spirit was striving with her spirit—that underneath these guises a soul was struggling to be born, to fight its way through the closed-up avenues clogged with disuse and grimed with the dust and soil of life! Only Peter the donkey could have told something; Peter and a miserable little cripple child about the mine, "not all there," so people said, with whom about this time Louey began to share her midday meal, and otherwise in her rough way to befriend.

It was a sultry August afternoon, and the girl as she tramped along by the laden cart felt unusually dull and heavy, and, to use her own expression, "in the dumps." It was a new thing to her to be in either good or bad spirits, and it made her feel cross. As she drew

near the busy High Street her eyes were mechanically attracted by a little child of four or five who was trying to cross the crowded thoroughfare. She knew it well by sight, for it belonged to one of the few decent couples in — Street. It had evidently strayed far from home, and was getting frightened and bewildered in the strange surroundings. It went a few steps, and then hesitated and drew back. "How it do dawdle!" thought the girl, as she marked it from a distance; "if one of them plaguey steam-cars come along it would be a near thing if it got over!"

As the thought crossed her mind she heard the shrill sharp whistle, and then she saw the great iron monster come tearing down the sharp incline. The child had got into the middle of the road, and then it stopped paralyzed with fright. The conductor evidently did not see it, for the machine came sweeping on at full speed. "Run, run!" screamed a woman from an upper window, but the little thing was too terrified to hear. And the mother loved it! She had lost two children lately, and Louey had heard her say that she should have gone mad but for this little one! A good runner might catch it up in time, but at an awful risk! Quick as a lightning flash the thought rushed through her brain. "Just as well as not," she cried half aloud, and then she sprang forward. A moment more and it would have been too late for both; even as it was, as with one strong hand she flung the child clear of the rails and leapt aside herself, her gown got entangled in the heavy wheels, and she was thrown violently down and dragged along the ground for some distance before the engine could be stopped. Just one moment of swift awful agony, and then a great cloud of unconsciousness swept over and covered her, and she knew no more.

Slowly, painfully, uncertainly, now floating as it were on the waves of consciousness, now struggling against the overwhelming billows, the soul of Louisa Black fought its way back into the shattered body, and looked out once more for a little space upon the world.

When she came to herself she was lying in a clean white bed in a strange narrow room, and with an awful sense of helplessness in all her strong young limbs. Everything around her was very cool and still and clean. A gentle, friendly-looking woman in a spotless cap and apron was smoothing her pillows, and a group of gentlemen were standing at the foot of the bed. Then she knew that she was in the hospital, and with the quick instinct of the dying she read in those grave faces her sentence. They could do nothing for her, those clever, busy men. All their skill would not avail to set the fatal mischief to spine and brain aright. They could but give her this clean still place to die in, smooth perhaps a little the passage through the silent valley, and secure for her in her hour of need the tender care that would not be the less sympathetic that it was business-like and practical.

This and no more could they do for her, and as she looked at them with startled eyes, she understood it, and turned her face wearily away. Well, after all, what did it matter? Who would care?—and therein came the sting of death.

Suddenly she roused a little: the doctors were speaking of her. "But she saved the child," they said; "it was a brave thing, bravely done; she has not lived her life in vain." One of them was feeling her pulse with skilful fingers; the girl looked up at him wonderingly. Were they speaking of her? and was it only pity that shone in those kind eyes? was it not—could it be—admiration, nay even reverence, and for such a one as she? "It was bravely done; she has not lived her life in vain." Was it the doctors who spoke, or was it a voice coming to her from that unknown world which was drawing so very near? And then the darkness crept upon her once more, and when she came to again she was alone with Nurse Alice in the ward.

For forty-eight hours she lingered, suffering apparently little, and wandering at times, yet lapped in a delicious calm and contentment, so that the

nurse hardly knew whether to be most sad or glad to hear her say these were the happiest hours of her life.

Dying alone in a hospital bed with not a friend at hand to comfort or to grieve; if this was the best, what could all the rest have been?

They had placed her in a tiny ward that happened to be empty, and where she could be alone, for they knew it was hopeless from the first, and no one even expected she would live so long. The stillness, the cleanness of her white bed, nay, the very change that had come upon herself, were full of wondering refreshment to her.

"I never thought it would come off like that," she said to the nurse as she was bathing her face and hands. "It seems to go all through me. I'll hardly know myself; you've made me over again."

She did not talk much, but her grateful eyes said so much for her, that her nurse, used as she was to such scenes, often turned away with a sense of sharp pain at heart—so thankful, and for so little; what could her life have been?

"Will it hurt much—this dying?" she asked once, and when she was told that the doctors thought that she would pass away in her sleep, she asked no more. She came of a class that does not deal in nerves and tremors. If it was painful, well, it had to be borne, but just to sleep was pleasant, and she was so tired.

Thus, without a fear or longing, she was slipping out of the world. The old past troubled her not; neither its failures nor its incompleteness rose up to vex her. The unknown future caused her no speculation. She had no theological doubts to solve or fears to dispel. It was simply that a power mightier than herself was drawing her hence, and she was quite willing to go. She could not have put it into words, but she had a dim sense of gladness that she would not go quite empty-handed—she had not lived her life quite in vain; she had that one act of self-sacrifice to carry with her, and to offer as the fruit of the day's work—her one realized op-

portunity to lay at the feet of the Divine Love. For the rest there was nothing to regret, nothing to leave. She was going away from it all, the narrow, sordid, toilsome past, knowing neither the why nor the whither, nor in what manner of place the journey would end, but content like a child to trust the unseen hand that was drawing her hence with such irresistible force.

A broken, troubled, joyless life, that had known nothing of earth's noblest and best. A helpless, half-awakened, nay, if you will, rudimentary soul, yet capable of who shall say what infinite possibilities of growth and perfection in the land where all things are made new.

She was very near her end when Francis Clifford, having heard of the accident, came to see her. It was with almost a sense of awe that he approached her. This was the girl that he had striven to teach, prayed for, almost despaired over, and she had done this splendid thing which made his heart beat with a thrill of generous pride as he heard it told. They had cut away the rough matted hair, and she looked so clean and peaceful lying among the snowy linen with that white clean face which was as strange as everything else, and he felt as if he hardly knew her again. It was a rough face still, but pain had blanched from it its coarseness, and Death was already placing on brow and lip his seal of mysterious nobility.

She smiled as her eyes fell upon him—he had never seen her smile before—but she gave him no other greeting, and showed no special emotion; such things were hardly in her line. She said a few words from time to time, and seemed vaguely pleased when he knelt by her bed to pray. Once she asked him to find a home for Peter, adding, "I haven't been not to say kind to the beast myself, but somehow it hurts me to think others will be hard on him," and when he promised that he would, she seemed at rest, and let the subject go. (He kept his word, for Peter found himself transported to country mead-

ows, where he grew sleek and fat and young again, and quite forgot his earlier troubles. Indeed, sometimes as the children play with him, he can hardly believe that he once dragged along that wearisome load of coals and knew what it was to hunger for carrots and thistles. Instead of cropping away in the peaceful fields, and literally as well as metaphorically living in clover.) Another time she said painfully, "Yo've been good to me; I never mind any one that was till I came here." And again, spreading out her hand on the counterpane, she said, "They've gotten the coal-grime out, yo' see; perhaps they'll not mind me so much now—up there."

He could not know, he would never know till the books are set and the seals opened, all he had done for her, and how but for him her story might have had some black and disastrous ending. She did not realize it herself, and could not have told him so if she had; but that his words had done *something* for her, he was given the comfort of knowing—a comfort which would return to him when all the day's work seemed in vain—for as he rose to go she turned her wistful eyes, in which the light was falling fast, towards him as she said:—

"I think I can understand now how He came to do it. I think I might—have learnt to love Him if I'd known Him better—perhaps He'll let me come to know Him—there—"

She never spoke again. After that she closed her eyes and seemed to fall into a deep sleep; and when the sunset was paling in the west, and the balmy summer night was drawing on, Nurse Alice, watching, saw the shadow fall across that peaceful face, and knew that the girl's soul had arisen and gone forth beyond the stars.

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

From The Spectator
THE UNREST OF THE NATIONS.

Lord Salisbury's speech at the Guildhall about the Concert of Europe was very dreamy, and to many minds, among which we reckon our own, very

charming; but we fear it does not accord very closely with the facts of life. The premier thought we were seeing at least a beginning of federation among the European peoples, and that federation, we all know, and he predicted, is to secure universal peace; but we never remember the unrest of the nations to have been more visible, or the powers to have been more inclined to isolated action. We ourselves are fighting two wars at once, and in one of them planting ourselves upon the Nile in a way which may be—nay, is—for the general interest of mankind, because the Mahdists are the common enemies of civilization, but which is intended first of all to strengthen our own power and enlarge our own dominion. The French are struggling with us in West Africa avowedly in their own special interest, and without a thought of the remaining nations of Europe, whom they will, if they can, keep out even of ordinary trade. The Germans are endeavoring to make of themselves a "world-wide" power; they are at this moment threatening Hayti, which but for the United States they would conquer and hold; and they have actually seized the Bay of Kiaochou, on the Chinese coast, in order to secure for themselves redress for a wrong, and, if they can, to obtain a good base for a great position in the Far East. The Russians, in pursuance of their ancient policy of treating the Turkish Empire as their reversion, have just signified to the sultan that he must not reorganize his Fleet, or rebuild his forts on the Bosphorus, so as to forbid the possibility, when the hour arrives, of a Russian descent upon his capital, the pretext for the order being that if he has money to spare he must at once pay up all arrears of the Indemnity of 1878. Even Austria, quietest and most conservative of powers, which has kept out of the scramble for colonial dominion, has recently been threatening to fire shells into a Turkish port, not, indeed, in order to seize that port, but to protect her own honor and her own prestige, both seriously threatened by Ottoman violence

and carelessness of international claims. On the other side of the Atlantic the scene is just the same. The American Republic says it is all for peace, but it protects all states within the two Americas, even the black Republic of Hayti and the many-colored Republic of Brazil, by what is practically a permanent threat of war, and is itself seizing Hawaii, which is not in America, and deliberating in an oddly public way whether it shall or shall not seize Cuba, which by a tenure of three hundred years belongs legally to Spain. In all these instances, be it observed, the powers are not merely putting forward academic claims, but are defending their own real or imaginary interests either with shells or by threats which, if they mean anything, mean that if those interests are not consulted they will throw shells. It is an addition to the importance of these movements, as showing the irresistibility of "selfish," or shall we say isolated, impulse, that all these governments, except possibly the American, are acting in the teeth of a certain sense of strain. The French know well that if they get more dependencies they will have more money to pay and more trouble with the fathers of their conscripts. The Germans are aware that the mass of their people look askance upon the whole "world-wide" policy as involving in the end unendurable taxation. The Austrians hate disturbance, and profess to believe that a shot fired by a European power in Turkey may bring the whole fabric upon which peace rests down with a mighty crash. The Russians are most loth to give up their attitude as the "truest friends" of Turkey; while in Great Britain, with her endless experience of expeditions, there is an uneasy feeling that, though our naval means are adequate, our military resources are strained almost to a point of danger. Even the Americans are not quite easy, and press their views to the verge of war, in spite of a lingering wish that their naval department might have two years more in which to perfect the rebuilding of their fighting fleet.

From these facts, which are all patent

and undeniable, what deductions? There are, we think, two, each of which is of some pressing importance. In the first place, the Concert neither is, nor can be, as Lord Salisbury hopes, "the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world." That it is not is evident without discussion; each power, whenever irritated or excited by greed, obviously and avowedly seeks its own ends even at the risk of war; and we fail, we confess, to perceive, after much thought, how it can be. The only method would be to insist that any power, before it resorted either to violence or threats of violence, must lay its case before the great Tribunal; but would any one of the powers agree to that in any emergent or very serious case? Would Great Britain, for instance, agree that Europe should settle whether she should have any more foreign territory, or France submit to be told that she wanted too much in west Africa, or Russia agree to surrender her claims to the Turkish reversion, or even Austria bear to refrain from avenging her diplomatic honor, which appears to have been really insulted, at the bidding of any committee whatsoever? As to Germany submitting to Europe her claim to a naval station in China, she would suspect from the first that it would be rejected, all other powers being content, and would therefore never agree to plead. As for America, the statesmen of Washington would simply reject such a pretension, seeing clearly that if it were allowed Europe must discuss the validity of the Monroe doctrine, and would, in all human probability, decide that it had in international law no place. And if any power were so recalcitrant, what is the Concert to do? Is it to light up the flame of war in order that Germany in China, or France in West Africa, or the United States in the Pacific, may be compelled to abstain from an acquisition which to half the world is of no importance whatever? The suggestion is not reasonable, and the Concert therefore must as an instrument for compelling the continuance of peace be pronounced almost powerless. It may

become powerful when the world is satisfactorily distributed, and it may be possible to decree that there shall be no territorial alteration; but until that happy stage in human progress has been reached it must, except as regards eastern Europe, be in the position of a court before which no one is compelled to plead, and which, if it does issue a decree, has no power with which, if any one resists, to compel obedience. It is, therefore, necessary that every power should be armed to the teeth, because it may be compelled to act alone; and in that necessity is, as it seems to us, the final condemnation of the Concert. It not only cannot ensure peace, but it cannot relieve that strain under which all the civilized nations are suffering more loss than they have ever suffered except from war. If the Concert really meant an approach of the nations towards mutual confidence it would render partial disarmament safe; but it does not mean this. On the contrary, during the whole time that it has existed every nation has been furnishing its arms, and spending millions more than usual in order to be ready against a catastrophe which can only occur if the jealousies of the nations, always smouldering, should be suddenly fanned to fever-heat. The Concert has given them no new sense of security, and no confidence that, as justice is sure to be done in the end, it is needless to be always prepared to defend yourself with your own weapons.

But then supposing all dreamy hopes are false, the Concert has at least preserved the European peace. Has it? That peace has, happily, been preserved; but whether the historian of the future will attribute the preservation to the Concert, or to the new alliances, or to the still newer dread which has sprung up among the kings and statesmen of the frightful consequences which a modern war might entail, remains a question to be settled. To our mind the second seems the stronger reason, not only because it involves the third, but because the alliances have destroyed a certain sense of hope which formerly inspired the great govern-

ments. They were always looking for, and usually finding, allies, who in the nick of time either reversed the conclusions of battle, or protected the defeated from suffering too much. Now that Europe is distributed into two camps there are no allies to be hoped for, except, indeed, Great Britain, which, as the whole continent believes, will stand aside in magnificent selfish-

ness taking no part, but when the combatants are exhausted, seizing all the possessions far away which she thinks would increase her profits or her prestige. The world expects the war, if it occurs, to be a war *à outrance*, and therefore avoids it, and expects it to be avoided. Duels are very rare when the duellists must fight across a handkerchief.

A Dervish Mimic.—Among the men who now leaped off the railway trucks and hurried off to their breakfasts was one black ex-Dervish worthy of mention. This was Somid, the Sudanese jester of the camp, who can always raise a roar of laughter in the working gangs, and is of distinct service, keeping up the men's spirits as he does by his clever mimicry and queer tricks. A bugler in Hicks Pasha's ill-fated army, he was captured by the Dervishes and taken to the Mahdi's camp at Omdurman. There he discovered that he could make his life easier by playing the buffoon, and he became the jester of Wad el Bishara, the famous Emir who commanded the Dervish forces that were opposed to us last year. He used to be called up to amuse his master's friends by giving imitations of the British officers with whom he had been brought into contact.

Recaptured by us last year at the battle of Hafir, he now, when not employed in rail-laying, keeps the camp in a roar by his close imitations of his former master Bishara and other Dervish notables. Seeing strangers in camp, he approached us with a comical waddle, and then proceeded, surrounded by a crowd of his appreciative countrymen, to favor us with what was certainly a very extraordinary entertainment. First he impersonated the great Emir Yunes; sword over shoulder, he swaggered up and down as through a Dervish camp, boasting of his prowess and declaring that he would destroy the enemies of God, and drive the English into the sea. Then he suddenly became Wad el Bishara, the

truer soldier, with graver mien than before; speaking calmly and deliberately, he walked with slow dignity, a leader of men, giving orders to his officers in precise terms. The different characters of the two Emirs were so clearly brought out by this close observer and marvellous mimic that one felt one would almost be able to recognize the two men with certainty if one ever met them. From the grave he passed to the ludicrous; he took off the mannerisms of a native clerk on the railway works, of an impatient *bimbashi* carrying on a conversation through the telephone with an indistinct but imperturbable Egyptian at the other end of the wire. Next, with a most ghastly realism, he gave us a representation of a hanging man. It was true to life and to death, for Somid must have witnessed many an execution by hanging in the Dervish camp.

Then he became Wad el Bishara again at the battle of Hafir, encouraging his men and laughing scornfully at the shells which burst around him, the sound of which Somid faithfully reproduced. A variety of other tricks were performed by this versatile black. Later in the day we came across him again, at work on the railway. He had just laid down a rail, and, seeing us, proceeded to imitate the action of one sketching a portrait. In a moment we recognized every turn of the head and hand, the pose, even the expression of face of one of the war artists with us; it was a wonderful piece of pantomime and mimicry. — Wady Halfa Correspondence London Times.

